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THE LATE REV. JABEZ BUNTING, D.D.

THE portrait we give herewith is that of the late Rev. Jabes Bunting, D.D., who has for years been the most prominent chief of the Methodist Church in England. We condense the following sketch of his life from an English periodical:

In August, 1769, a strange man passed through the quiet village of Moneyash, in Derbyshire. It was noised abroad that one who was on his way to embark for America as a missionary, would preach in the Methodist Chapel. His name was Richard Boardman, the first missionary sent out by John Wesley. At that day, and in that place, a missionary was a strange phenomenon, and many came to hear. His text was 1 Chron., iv., 9, 10—the prayer of Jabez. To the seeking heart of at least one young woman the Lord sent, by his hand, a saving message. Ten years afterward she was rejoicing over the birth of a first, and, as it proved, an only, son. She remembered the words that had been made a balm to her soul, and, vowing her child to the Lord, "called his name Jabez." Full oft did that pious mother put up for her little one the prayer of Jabez, "Oh that thou wouldst bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldst keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me!" While he was yet an infant, she carried him to Oldham Street Chapel, Manchester, and there presented him to John Wesley. Well-stricken in years, the evangelist took in his arms the child, and pronounced upon it a blessing.

Nearly twenty years from that day two young men, of about the same age, are seen walking out from Manchester. The two friends reach a cottage, or a farm-house, where a few humble people meet to hear the Gospel. The one, Jabez Bunting, begins the service; his companion, James Wood, watches earnestly.

Nearly forty years from that day you might see this same countenance fixed on the same friend, and glowing with like sentiments. They are now in that Oldham Street Chapel, so connected with their early religious course. The black locks of James Wood have become white as any snow. And time has also touched his friend. The compact, expressive head is very bald; the pale countenance has become full and strongly colored; and, instead of extreme slenderness, we have advanced corpulency. But the whole air speaks generosity and happiness. Those smiles do not play upon the countenance—that confidence does not sit in the eye—those various tones of easy and sometimes playful sagacity, of hope, and humor, and pathos, do not come from the breast of a man who has a bitter or a broken heart. Methodism has reached the age of a hundred years, and her chief men are met to concert measures for duly noting her centenary. To him all look for the clearest exposition and the wisest counsel. He is in the act of opening up that plan which is to evoke such wonderful response throughout home and missionary Methodism. As his friend watches him with joy and pride, doubtless he thinks of the day when he saw him trembling before his cottage audience.

Among the Methodists a young man like Jabez Bunting was not likely to preach long without a call to the full ministry. This he received in 1799, being then twenty years of age. It was not accepted without a sacrifice. His father, a pious and sensible man, had placed him at one of the best schools in Manchester. One of his school-fellows was the son of Dr. Percival, then very eminent in that town as a physician and man of literature. By this young friend he was often taken to the house of his father, who was so struck with him that he received him into his family, without a fee, as his medical pupil and amanuensis. Before the call to the ministry came Mrs. Bunting was a widow, and so interested had Dr. Percival become in his pupil, that he had made arrangements by which he should take his diploma at a Continental university free of expense, and promised to introduce him to a Manchester practice, worth at first £700 a year. The mother had long devoted her son to God, and the son had grace to choose the better part. The kindly feeling of his generous friend, Dr. Percival, was manifested even in death, as he appointed him his executor, and left to him and to his own son all his papers.

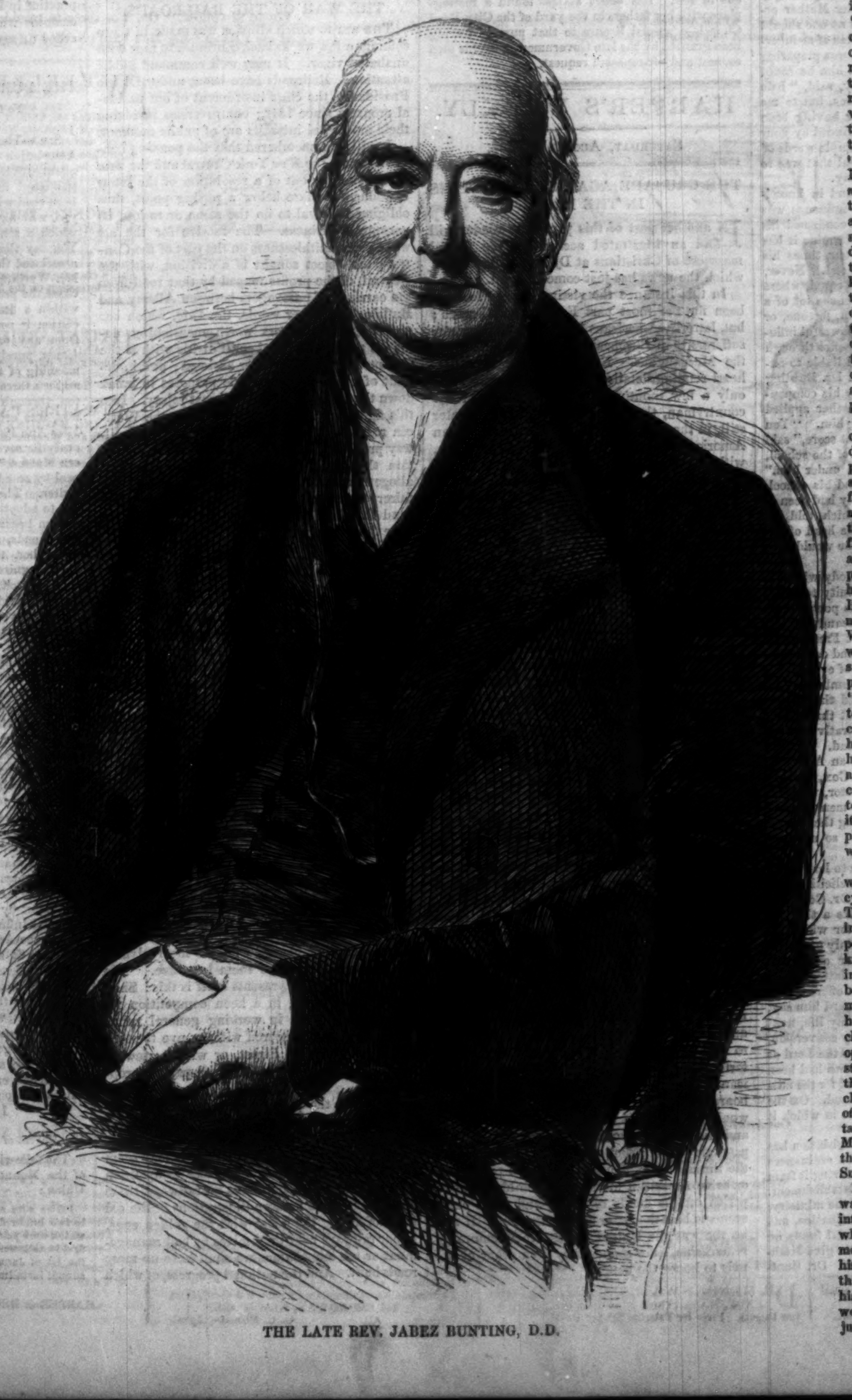
The young preacher at once bespoke the sympathy of his hearers by a transparent *naturalness*. Men always cease to appear natural when they strain to make themselves more than they are. Against this error Dr. Bunting was doubly guarded by a vigorous judgment and a deep modesty. The former led him to choose the course in which he excelled without straining, and the latter shed upon his public and private demeanor a mellow and engaging simplicity. "And such modesty!" was frequently the closing touch of a picture of his early virtues, drawn by a most intelligent lady, now gone home. Another venerable woman, speaking of his earlier ministry, said to us, "In the pulpit, he had the authority of an apostle; out of it, the meekness of Moses." To this day nothing is more striking in his public efforts than the complete absence of mannerism or attempt; and in his private life nothing more striking than the beautiful modesty with which this *naturalness* is allied.

One who was present when Dr. Bunting was received into *full connection* by the Conference, has often told us how marked was his modesty among his youthful brethren. Yet all who knew the heart that beat under that modest countenance knew that none was braver, and all who knew the voice, which, in reply to the question, "Are you resolved to devote yourself wholly to God and to His work?" said, "I habitually do," in tones so serious and modest that all were melted, knew that none could expound with more self-possession, argue with more force, or appeal with stronger thunder.

Mr. Wood has again and again declared to us, with a smile, that he doubted whether Dr. Bunting ever preached a better sermon than his second. Perhaps in this matter friendship interfered with his clear and well-cultured judgment; but that, in point of early maturity, his friend was a prodigy, is testified by all the attempts we have seen to depict him, and by all the traditions of his youth with which we have met. He had only been four years in the ministry when he came to London. We know a most intelligent person who went to City-road Chapel with small expectations from the young preacher, just come from the North. "Brethren, pray for us," was his text. "But such preaching!" exclaimed our informant; "I never heard such a sermon before." As he advanced in life, that which first astonished as maturity delighted as completeness, and many were wont to say that, in his great discourses, it was almost impossible to show the place in which a sentence could be withdrawn, altered, or supplied.

The impression of his ministry was not that of grandeur, or brilliancy, or beauty, but chiefly of power. This impression of power was much intensified by the persuasion that the power was legitimate. The hearer knew that he had not been beguiled into submission by display, had not been surprised by a mere rush of masterful passion; but the preacher had fairly approached his reason, challenged his resistance, and by open stroke sent swift upon open stroke, broke through all his parries, then rushed upon him and bore him clean away. "What do you think of him?" asked an admirer, who had taken one to hear him little used to Methodist chapels. "Think of him? there can be but one opinion—it is, Surrender at discretion."

But his power, if oratorically great, was religiously wonderful. One most intelligent friend assures us, that while Dr. Bunting labored in Leeds, more persons were converted through his preaching than had been through that of any predecessor, at least of his popular order of talent. And a worthy man in that town, whose judgment would not be formed on



THE LATE REV. JABEZ BUNTING, D.D.

just the same grounds, has, in his own way, given us a like testimony. "He *was* a soul-saving preacher. Bless you! all the soul-saving preachers we have nowadays are only children to him. Oh, what a power was with his word—to hear him on a Sunday evening!"

No one speaks of Dr. Bunting's power in preaching without connecting with it his power in prayer. A sketch, published some years ago, under the auspices of Mr. (Hon. Edward?) Everett (just now very famous), and generally ascribed to his pen, says, that this "stamps his whole character with a sacredness which ought to lead an opponent to touch him with mingled awe and respect, lest, verily, in some cases he should be found fighting against God."

Such are the characteristics by which Dr. Bunting, in the very outset, gained pre-eminence in the body to which he belonged. That pre-eminence has never waned. With singular rapidity his talents won him an influence equal to that of the first men in the Body. He was very early made Secretary of the Conference, and when only of twenty-one years' standing in the ministry, was placed in the chair.

This rapid rise was perfectly natural. He never troubled the Conference with unnecessary speeches. He never tried to be eloquent. He rose only when a real measure was to be discussed, or a real difficulty solved. He always touched the leading points of the case, and threw upon them a light so natural that all perceived them distinctly, and most thought they saw just as he saw. If he had to support an important measure, he waited till both sides had thrown upon it all the light they could.

"We have heard pleaders at the bar, and statesmen in the Senate," says the sketch ascribed to Mr. Everett, "but we solemnly aver that, for *reply*, we never heard a near approach to him."

Joined with his power of debate was a knowledge of the Methodist economy equally remarkable. In addition to his natural bent, Providence seems to have speedily led him to love and study discipline. From childhood he had been taken by his mother to the Love Feasts; but when he was about fifteen years of age, Alexander Mather ordered strict attention to the rule that no one should be admitted without a *ticket*—the token of membership among the Methodists. Jabez was preparing to go as usual, but his mother told him he could not, and then, with much solemnity, said, "I do not know what you think of it, Jabez, but to me it seems an awful thing that, after having been carried there, you should now be excluded by your own fault." The Lord used these simple words of maternal solicitude to awaken a soul that was to be the instrument of awakening many.

Unequaled in power of debate and in knowledge of the Methodist system, his influence was soon ascendant. Years have only confirmed his ascendency. Every attempt to undermine it has only left it more consolidated. Four times his brethren have placed him at their head. Never, perhaps, in any body where all are equal, where all have the same chance, has it been the lot of a man who had no advantage in birth, fortune, or patronage, to gain suddenly such a powerful influence, and to go on increasing that influence through a long series of onerous trusts, held liable to annual discussion and assault. When Dr. Bunting was at school he was much teased by his companions for being a Methodist. His mother applied to the master, and spoke of removing him. "You may make yourself quite easy on that score," said he, "for he will soon be at the head of the school, and thus all the other boys will be under him." The prediction was soon fulfilled, and his school-fellows were as ready to honor as they had been to plague him. The same powers which told his teacher that he would soon be at the head of the school, told all who knew him that he would soon be at the head of the Conference.

Many not belonging to the same body with Dr. Bunting have of late had an opportunity to judge for themselves as to the source of his power. On the 19th of August, 1846, nearly a thousand thoughtful men stood on the same level, at Freemasons' Hall. Of different lands, tongues, and denominations, they were one in the alliance of evangelical faith. Dr. Bunting was of their number. And we believe that most who remained throughout the proceedings of that Conference felt that it was impossible for him to be in any deliberative assembly without eventually taking the lead. "What a wonderful old man that is!" said an American gentleman, in our hearing, to Dr. Cox, of New York. "Yes, Sir," replied the Doctor, with his wonted vivacity; "of all the great men whom I had known and admired before seeing them, none has grown upon me, by proximity, so much as Dr. Bunting."

Soon after Dr. Bunting had begun to lead in the Conference a signal occasion arose for eliciting both his popular and governing talents. Dr. Coke died at sea, bequeathing to the Methodists a thriving but portionless family of Missions, for which his personal influence had theretofore mainly provided. They must either be abandoned or organized. Among the foremost to advise the latter course was Dr. Bunting. He had already offered himself as a missionary; and we have heard him say, "Some of the happiest moments of my life, next to those that immediately followed my conversion, were when I fully presented myself to the Lord as a missionary to India." His own wishes had been overruled; and now that a day of need for the missions arose, his powerful aid was at hand. On the platform his eloquence found a sphere in which it outshone all its former lustre.

Another feature of Dr. Bunting's legislation has been the giving to Methodism all the ordinances of a Church complete in itself, so removing it from the position of a supplement to the Establishment. The opening of colleges for training the ministry, the use of imposition of hands in ordination, and the placing of the various Connectional funds on permanent bases, all directly tended to give Methodism a position wholly independent. Dr. Bunting speaks of William Thompson as his father in ecclesiastical polity. He was the first President of Conference after John Wesley's death, and his influence is believed to have mainly decided that English Methodism, instead of following the Episcopal model, already established in America, took the Presbyterian form, which it retains. Dr. Bunting's intense interest in the Free Church question goes far to enable us to judge of his real leanings in things ecclesiastic. But while firmly leading Methodism to a position wholly apart from the Establishment, he has been careful to maintain friendship for the Establishment. "Friends of all, enemies of none," was the original idea of Methodism—to which, under all circumstances, Dr. Bunting has uniformly adhered.

When Richard Watson died, in 1833, Dr. Bunting, who had been for some years in the North, came to take his place at the head of the Wesleyan Missions. In that position he has since remained. It is no province of ours to examine his administration of this weighty trust. On comparing the report of the Society for the year before he took office with that of the present year, we find in—

	1833.	1849.
Stations	150	290
Missionaries	214	3[illegible]8
Church Members	43,849	100,231
Scholars	27,676	74,318
Income	£47,715	£104,126

Dr. Bunting leaves behind him. to his family and his people, only the heritage of his good name and his many works. Though he was the acknowledged leader among the Methodists, and besides filling their highest posts of honor, was for three years their editor, for seventeen years one of their missionary secretaries, and the President of their Theological schools from the time of their establishment in 1835, he received for these varied services only the ordinary salary of a British Methodist preacher, £150 ($750) per annum, with house-rent and taxes.

We have only to add that as he lived so he died, in the bosom of the Methodist Church, and, having rejoiced in her prosperity, stood by her in her storms, and resisted many tempting offers to come out of her. His bones at last found a resting-place with her fathers in the yard of the City-Road Chapel—a special license to that purpose having been granted by the late Government upon his own earnest and oft-repeated request.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 7, 1858.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST CHRISTIANS IN THE EAST.

In another part of this paper the reader will find an illustrated account of the fearful massacre of Christians at Djidda, in Arabia, of which the news has just come to hand.

In this instance the victims appear to have been for the most part English and French; but, latterly, Americans have been even greater sufferers than Europeans by the persecution of the Mussulmans. Nobody has forgotten the heart-rending details of the outrage committed only a few months ago on the family of our countryman, the missionary Dickson. Later still, in the same region, we have heard of an American missionary, Mr. Dod, being driven, with his family, from his home early in the morning, and compelled to travel over burning plains under the noonday sun, without even so much as a glass of water for his fainting wife and child. For neither of these two outrages has any one been punished. The indifference and neglect which the Government has shown with regard to the massacre of four American missionaries and their families, a year gone, at Futteghur, in India, may perhaps be understood, though their mourning relatives in this and neighboring States feel them none the less keenly. But people do *not* understand why measures have not been taken to vindicate the inviolability of the American citizen in Syria.

It is already being remarked that the famous passage in Charles Dickens's History of England wherein he says that "the United States are honorably remarkable for protecting their citizens wherever they go," is really the most cutting sarcasm on the country that was ever published. Remarkable for protecting their citizens, indeed! Why, the United States Government does not stir hand or foot when American ladies are violated and murdered, and American missionaries butchered. Protect their citizens! When political capital is to be made by braggart interference on behalf of Hungarian renegades, you shall admire the energy and promptitude with which American officers dash to the rescue, and American statesmen offer to fight the world at large; but when a poor, defenseless, gentle American lady is fiendishly outraged, and her husband killed before her eyes, and no attempt is made by the local authorities to avenge the deed, you won't hear much of interference either by American officers or American statesmen. When a silly British sailor boards a few American ships in the Gulf, you would suppose that the breasts of the President and his advisers would actually explode with patriotic wrath; but vile miscreants may cut the throats of unoffending American preachers, or drive American mothers and children out to perish on the sands of Syria, and not a pulse seems to beat the faster at Washington. If this be the way the United States are "honorably remarkable," the sooner they seek other channels to honor the better.

Some ask where the fault lies? Where can it lie but at the door of the Executive Government? It may be, indeed it must be, that the United States representatives in Turkey and Syria are unfit for their posts; most of the United States consuls throughout the East are graceless rascals, who would disgrace any country; and our minister at Constantinople must be a very poor creature. But these subordinates owe no responsibility to the public, nor can the public call them to account. It is the President and his advisers who are responsible to the people of the United States, and upon their heads must the blame fall when public duties are neglected.

With all his faults, President Pierce burned down a town because some one in it had broken a bottle on the nose of a United States minister; and, without entering into the general merits of the measure, it has no doubt proved conducive to the safety of United States citizens in that part of the world. A similar stroke of policy is sadly needed in the Levant. The Mussulmans are evidently growing bold by the tolerance with which Christian nations treat their outrages. They need a lesson. In Turkey, and all the neighboring countries, no servant thinks you are in earnest till you apply a cane to a fleshy part of his body; the authorities and Pachas want the cane now. All Christendom would applaud the United States if one of their ships administered a measure of exemplary punishment to the authorities who are practically shielding the authors of the outrages upon our countrymen. If General Jackson had been President, Jaffa would ere this have been granted twenty-four hours to decide whether its magistrates would do their duty or no. Mr. Buchanan's policy is certainly a striking contrast in this respect.

THE WAR OF THE RAILROADS.

The war to which allusion was made in these columns a few weeks back continues to rage with unabated vigor. It may well command public attention. Railroads have been, under Divine Providence, the chief instrument of our national progress since 1840; controversies involving their most vital interests are of public moment.

It will be remembered that the pending contest between the New York Central and the Erie Railways grew out of a resolution of the latter to reduce the fare below a paying point, thus obliging its rival to do the same or to lose its passenger business. The motive for the act was alleged faithlessness on the part of the Central; the object sought is a division, with the Central, of the profits reaped by that road from the carriage of passengers between Albany and Buffalo. In other words, the Erie, which has no passenger business worth mentioning, demands that the Central shall divide with it the receipts from its passenger business; and in default of compliance the Erie proposes to break down the Central, being itself past injury. Into this fight now step all, or nearly all, the Western roads; which, taking the ground that railway property generally is in so delicate a position that further losses will destroy its value altogether, interpose to coerce the Erie into a fairer course of policy. They have agreed to send the Erie to Coventry, not to sell tickets over that line, or to honor tickets granted by it; in a word, to do every thing in their power to divert travel from it until it shall cease its destructive warfare upon its rival.

It would seem that the combination is too powerful to be resisted, and that, whatever pride may prompt, the offending Company will now be brought to terms. An insolvent concern may brave disgrace and laugh at defaults; but there is a point which even bankrupts can not pass—there are things which can not be bought without money. It seems impossible that one link in the great chain of road to the West can successfully defy all the other links.

This, however, is not of public consequence. The point in the controversy which deserves general attention is the broad question whether our railways can continue to be paying property. Experience has rendered it abundantly manifest that it is only with the best business management, and under the most advantageous circumstances of position, that any railway in the United States can pay interest on its cost. It is equally certain that a large proportion of the roads which are built are not managed with the economy, or blessed with the local advantages essential to make them lucrative. The question which now presents itself is this: Shall the existing roads, in a keen competition for business, aid Fate in working general ruin? Shall they be engineered with an eye to stock operations in Wall Street, or with a view to their ultimate value as dividend-paying property?

These are the questions which owners of railway stock throughout the country must answer for themselves. And their interest is that of the public at large. For, though it may seem that the public is a gainer by close competition and consequently cheap fares on railways, these are, in fact, mere modern illustrations of the old story of killing the goose with the golden eggs. If our railways ruin themselves by bad management or too low charges we shall have no more roads built. And the national progress, of which railways have been the cause and the secret, will be at an end at once.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

Certain sensible men in this city propose to give the public free baths at the public expense. Nothing could be better. Health requires them; nature facilitates their construction; common sense discovers their benefit at a glance. Public baths, it may safely be said, would effect a diminution of several per cent. in our bills of mortality.

Why should the proposed reform be limited to New York? Why should not swimming schools and baths be established in every city throughout the country? Doctors will certify that ten per cent. of the diseases which afflict humanity (some say a much larger proportion) might be averted by thorough and regular ablutions. Why not make such an easy and pleasant regimen general and obligatory on the rising generation?

Physical education, the importance of which will shortly dawn upon the American mind, is, in some points of view, more important than mental training; and no branch of it is better worth pursuit than the art of swimming. Apart from the mere consideration of the security which it affords in a country where every one is exposed to greater or less opportunities of drowning, swimming is, in reality, one of the most healthy exercises in which boys can engage. No sport tends more directly to develop the muscles or brace the nerves. None imparts more vigor to the frame.

If our school teachers were wise, they would make swimming as essential a branch of education as arithmetic or history. In the season they would oblige every boy to learn to swim and to take exercise in the water. This is the practice in France, and it is one of those French customs which justify the assertion that "they order things better in France."

THE PURCHASE OF MOUNT VERNON.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

Richmond, *July 17*, 1858.

Sir,—The thanks of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union are due to you for an eloquent article, entitled "A Visit to Mount Vernon," published in your periodical of July 3. It has been read with much gratification, but I trust that you will have the goodness to correct an error which a sense of justice impels me to point out. You say that "a number of *Virginia ladies* have associated themselves together, and obtained from Mr. Washington a contract entitling them to purchase the property for public uses, for a given sum, within a fixed time." The Mount Vernon Association is *not* one "*of Virginia ladies*," or of ladies from any one State—it is an Association *of the Union*, purely and heartily *national* in the fullest meaning of the word. The project of purchasing and consecrating the home and grave of Washington, through the exertions of his grateful daughters, was originated by a lady of South Carolina, Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham. She labored zealously for several years under the title of a "Southern Matron," a *nom de plume* affixed to her first appeal by an editor who was not acquainted with the writer. The dread of personal publicity caused her to adopt this signature. But when the Association became a legalized body, the entreaties of her friends, and of Mr. Everett in particular, induced her, though very reluctantly, to abandon her incognita.

In March, 1858, Virginia, at her solicitation, granted a charter authorizing a part of Mount Vernon (two hundred acres) to be purchased and owned by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association *of the Union*, and limiting its capital stock to five hundred thousand dollars.

The Constitution of the Association, formally adopted by the Governor of Virginia, in accordance with a provision of the charter, requires that the Association shall have a Regent, and that Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham shall be the first Regent, and that she shall appoint a Vice-Regent to represent each State. Twelve Vice-Regents have received their appointments, and the Regent hopes before long to select a representative from every State. Thus you perceive the Mount Vernon Association is not one of "*Virginia ladies*," but of the *whole Union*, and Virginia is only represented in the same manner as her sister States.

The contract with Mr. Washington was obtained not by "*Virginia ladies*," or ladies of any other State, but by the Regent of the Association, whose personal influence with him alone induced him to sell to the Association after he had positively declined to do so. It is but just to the honored and energetic head of our Association that these facts should be made public.

I inclose the last Report of the Secretary of the Association, which gives a correct statement of its present prospects and intentions, and the names of the Vice-Regents.

With the solicitation that you will correct the inadvertent error which must gain so wide a circulation through your periodical,

I am yours, respectfully,

Anna Cora Ritchie,

Vice-Regent of the Mt. Vernon Association for Virginia.

The following is an extract from the last Report of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union:

"The sum stipulated for in the contract of purchase is two hundred thousand dollars, eighteen thousand of which were paid at the execution of the contract, and the first installment of fifty-seven thousand dollars is due on the 1st of January, 1859. The balance is due in three annual installments; and in the failure to pay the fifty-seven thousand dollars due January, 1859, the sum of eighteen thousand dollars, already paid,, is forfeited. The sums now on hand, contributed by members of local associations, by various public-spirited bodies and individuals, and accruing from the delivery of Mr. Everett's address, are sufficient to meet the installment due in January next. The sums required to meet the other installments, and the payment of interest, if interest should become due by failure to obtain possession on the 22d of February next, by the entire consummation of the purchase, are yet to be provided.

"In addition to the large sum required to fulfill the contract of purchase, a considerable amount will be necessary to repair the mansion-house, to restore it, with the garden and grounds, as nearly as possible, to the condition in which they were left by the Great Proprietor, and to meet the expense of managing the estate and securing its permanent preservation.

"The following are the officers who at present compose the Grand Council of the Association:

"*Regent*—Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, South Carolina.

"*Vice-Regents*—Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie, Richmond, Virginia; Mrs. Alice H. Dickinson, Wilmington, North Carolina; Mrs. Philoclea Edgeworth Eve, Augusta, Georgia; Mrs. Octavia Walton Le Vert, Mobile, Alabama; Mrs. Catharine A. M'Willie, Jackson, Mississippi; Mrs. Margaretta S. Morse, New Orleans, Louisiana; Mrs. Mary Rutledge Fogg, Nashville, Tennessee; Mrs. Elizabeth M. Walton, St. Louis, Missouri; Miss Mary Morris Hamilton, New York City, New York; Mrs. Louisa Ingersoll Greenough, Boston, Massachusetts; Mrs. Abba Isabella Little, Portland, Maine; Madame the Princess Murat, Tallahassee, Florida; Mrs. Susan L. Pellet, Secretary, Richmond, Virginia; George W. Riggs, Esq., Treasurer, Washington, D. C.

"The sum of one dollar constitutes the contributor a member of the Association; and the name, sum, and residence of every subscriber must be carefully registered by the persons who are authorized to make or receive collections in aid of the Mount Vernon fund."

The following is extracted from the Appeal to the ladies of the State of New York for the purchase of Mount Vernon:

"The Vice-Regent for the State of New York is Miss Mary Morris Hamilton, of Westchester County.

"'Any citizen of the United States from whom the Regent, any of the Vice-Regents, the Secretary, the Treasurer, or any local board or authorized agent, may, for that purpose, receive or recognize the receipt of the sum of one dollar, shall be a member of the Association; and the payment of the further sum of one dollar, on or before the 22d of February in any year, shall entitle a member to attend and vote at the annual meeting of the Association of that year.'

"The following plan has been adopted for the State of New York, as a simple and practical method, and is now offered for the purpose of enabling every one, through its length and breadth, to unite in securing this national object, so long desired, and so dear to every American heart. What proportion of the whole sum is expected from our State can not now be named; but it is confidently believed that, if necessary, the whole amount would be forthcoming.

"The office of the Association in the city of New York is in the 'Cooper Institute,' Astor Place. The Vice-Regent will be assisted by a Standing Committee of ladies, by a large number of lady Managers, and by an Advisory Committee of gentlemen from different parts of the State.

"The lady Managers will be appointed in each county, city, and large village by the Vice-Regent, or by a member of the Standing Committee, to collect subscriptions, and forward the amounts received to the person appointing them.

"The funds collected (deducting necessary expenses) are to be deposited in the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, until required for the payment of the purchase moneys of the property, to be drawn out only on the draft of the Vice-Regent, countersigned by at least three of the Advisory Committee of gentlemen. The name and residence of each subscriber, from one dollar and upward, will be recorded upon the register of names, to be preserved among the archives of the Association at Mount Vernon.

"Regular meetings of the Committees, for consultation and business, will be held on the first Tuesday of each month, at 11 o'clock A.M., at the office in the city of New York. The office in New York will be open daily, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M., where subscriptions will be received in person or by letter, and any further information given. Post-office address, New York City, Station D.

"New York, *July* 29, 1858.

"*Ladies Standing Committee*—Mrs. Millard Fillmore, Buffalo; Mrs. Pierre Van Cortlandt, Croton; Mrs. William H. Seward, Auburn; Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, Morrisania; Mrs. Washington Hunt, Lockport; Mrs. Samuel Stevens, Rochester; Mrs. Horatio Seymour, Utica; Mrs. Johnston Livingston, Livingston; Mrs. G. S. Silliman, Brooklyn; Mrs. Edward Cooper, New York; Mrs. Andrew J. Downing, Fishkill; Mrs. George Bancroft, New York; Mrs. John Sherwood, New York; Mrs. Chas. P. Daly, New York; Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, New York; Mrs. Lewis M. Rutherfurd, New York; Mrs. John Macgregor, New York; Mrs. Walden Pell, New York; Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, New York; Mrs. Edw'd M. Smith, Albion; Mrs. Herman D. Gould, Delhi; Miss Susan Fennimore Cooper, Cooperstown; Mrs. George R. Babcock, Buffalo; Mrs. Edmund Schriver, Troy; Mrs. Robert J. Lansing, Watertown.

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IS AIMÉ BONPLAND DEAD?

A note from Governor Joseph A. Wright, our Minister at Berlin, incloses the following letter to him from the veteran Humboldt, to which we with pleasure give the publicity he desires:

"Berlin, *July* 13, 1858.

"Monsieur le Ministre,—I venture to ask you to forward the inclosed paper to the United States, in order to have inserted the translation of the article in any American journal of large circulation. Mr. Bonpland has a great many friends in America, and I would be wanting in what I owe to them not to attend to what has reference to his memory.

"Receive, Monsieur le Ministre, the renewed assurances of my high consideration. I have been deeply affected by the kindness with which your Excellency let me assist at the noble entertainment of the 4th of July.

"Your respectful servant,

"Alex. von Humboldt."

The following is the paper inclosed:

"I hold it to be a duty to the many friends of my dear friend and companion in travels to communicate to them the following, the last-received notices of him, contained in letters to me from Dr. Lallemant, who left the Austrian frigate *Novarra* at Rio Janeiro, in February last, and journeyed thence to San Borja, where he expected to find my old friend Bonpland. He did not find him there, however, but in his villa of Santa Anna. Dr. Lallemant's letters are dated 10th and 19th April, 1858. I make the following extracts:

"'In San Borja I stopped with an old friend of *Bonpland*, the Vicar Gay, in whose company I visited the once finely cultivated but now quite deserted garden of the great botanist. The last letter received from M. Bonpland by Mr. Gay was toward the close of 1857. Since then came news of his severe sickness. Letters of inquiry received no answer; and though the distance is small, no one knew at San Borja whether he was dead or alive.

"'He left San Borja in 1853 (having resided there since 1831), and removed to his villa of Santa Anna, where he devoted himself to the cultivation of indigenous orange-trees. The villa, valued at 10,000 piastres, was given him by the Government of Corrientes. He had, besides, a pension of 3000 francs from the French Government. His dwelling consists of two large huts, constructed of bamboo, and straw-thatched. They have doors but no windows, sufficient light being admitted between the chinks of the bamboo walls. I was received in the most friendly and hospitable manner. Notwithstanding the great age and sufferings of the noble old man, which the deep furrows on his face sufficiently betokened, his eye was still bright and clear. His weakness was, however, very evident. Conversation very quickly exhausted him. His disease is chronic inflammation of the bladder.

"'The extremely simple manner of his life is quite voluntary with him, and not the result of necessity, but rather of long habit and personal preference. His means of living were quite easy. He has for many years practiced medicine, but without remuneration; is very much regarded throughout the country; but loves solitude, and avoids especially those who volunteer counsel or assistance. His zeal for science is unabated; his collections and manuscripts are at Corrientes, where he has established a native museum.

"'I arrived toward evening. The following morning I found him much worse. He had passed a very painful night. I begged him earnestly to let me serve him in some way; but fared as do all his friends: was told that he needed no help. When I took leave of him he displayed some emotion; he probably thought of me as bearer of the last message he should ever receive, of love and honor, from the European world. Thus I left him, suffering, but still courageous. Those who are near him have found him gradually losing strength for the last three months.'

"How joyful was the last letter I myself received from Bonpland! It is dated 7th of June, 1857: 'I will,' says he therein, 'take my collections and manuscripts to Paris, and lodge them in the Museum. My visit to France will be brief; I will soon return to my Santa Anna where I am spending a peaceful, happy life. I wish to die there; I desire my tomb to be in the shade of some one of the many trees I have planted there. How happy would I be, dear Humboldt, to see you again, and to revive our mutual recollections! Next August, on the 28th, I shall complete my 84th year, and I am three years younger than you. A man has just died in this province at the age of 107. What a prospect for two travelers who have passed their 80th year!'

"This genial letter contrasts remarkably with the sorrowful sketch of Dr. Lallemant. The news of his death arrived in Montevideo, according to M. Von Tschudi, on the 29th of May. It was reported that he died in San Borja, and the date of his death was not given. Now Dr. Lallemant spoke with him on the 18th of April. On the 19th of May a report of his death was contradicted at Porto Allegre. There remains, therefore, the hope still that the younger of us two is not the first called away. At such distances, however, the uncertainty is of long duration, as witness our painful longings for news of Edward Vogel, from Central Africa; of Adolph Schlagintweit, from Central Asia.

"Alexander von Humboldt.

"Berlin, *July* 12, 1858."

THE LOUNGER.

"My dear Lounger,—I know that the *Weekly* is printing Bulwer's "What will he do with it?" which I read every week, as I have always read Bulwer, or I should have no right to speak of him. I do not know whether you like him or not; but I want to say something not very flattering about him—and inclose it to you.

Your friend,

"Timothy Redtop."

In a paper like this it is only fair that all sides should have a hearing, where there is nothing objectionable in the manner of statement—and the Lounger thinks that the "young ladies" will not quarrel with him for giving them such a capital chance of scolding at that unappreciative, unromantic, and cold-hearted Mr. Timothy Redtop.

"SIR EDWARD BULWER JOSEPH LYTTON SURFACE.

"My dear young Ladies,—I want to say a word to you about the Right Honorable Sir Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton, of No. 1, Park Lane, London, and Knebworth, Stevenage, Herts, Her Majesty's Secretary for the Colonies; one of the most popular novelists and well-known men of the time. As an author his present position is assured. People may or may not like his performances—may or may not think that they are very beautiful, poetic, and profound—may or may not think him the most coxcombical literary charlatan of the century—false, frivolous, and sentimental—a dandy at heart and a sophist in mind—all these things are matters of opinion; the world may read and judge.

"If any rash man say that Bulwer is Byron and water, I know he must look out for the boarding-schools. If there be any one human being in whom the boarding-school believes (yes, my dears), as the dearest, darlingest, love of a naughty man, it is the right honorable as aforesaid. And I exercise the liberty I share with all my fellow-citizens—including the indignant boarding-school—in saying that I consider Her Majesty's Colonial Secretary in literature a fungus, feeding upon, and indicative of, the moral sophistry that is engendered by every extremely civilized society—the most complete, and therefore most dangerous representative of that spirit in English society against which the whole contemporary literature of England—his own novels excepted—are the indignant and manly protest. Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Hood, Tennyson, the Brownings, Charlotte Brontë, Landor, and Grote, and, in his sympathies, Macaulay, stand for mankind and human nature. Mr. Samuel Warren, Sir Archibald Alison, the late Mr. Tommy Moore, Mr. Theodore Hook, and the Right Honorable Sir Edward George, et cetera, et cetera, stand for the lucky few who have climbed into high places. His literature is what Carlyle calls flunkey, and Thackeray snobbish. It is any thing but healthy and manly. (That is my opinion, dear young ladies.)

"For all that, Sir Edward George is a man of very great talent, unshrinking industry, remarkable accomplishment, and incessant ambition. That he can tell an interesting story—that he is, in fact, one of the best story-tellers—by which I mean a man who understands plots, and combinations, and consequent interest—the columns of the *Weekly* constantly testify in the chapters of "What will he do with it?" He divides popularity in England with Dickens himself; and as for America, why, ask your next young lady friend for her book of selections, and see for yourself (as if you hadn't your own gilt-edged album crowded with plums from Bulwer!).

"Now let us close the album upon those delightful sentiments for a moment. Let us permit Mr. Joseph Surface to shut his mouth for a little while, and look at his life.

"Some thirty years ago, more or less, this nice young man was beginning his now celebrated career. He was well born, not wealthy, but pale, aristocratic, and talented. After writing a morbid Byronic volume called 'Falkland,' which made no loud noise in the world, he wrote his aspirations into a novel, and called it 'Pelham.' From the publication of that work he has been a marked and rising man. Of course you know all that he has done. Divine, fascinating, unhappy Ernest Maltravers; lovely, suffering Alice; high-browed, distinguished, magnificent, and melancholy Audley Egerton and Guy Darrell. You are familiar with them, for they always 'come on' in every book under new names—the old stock company cast to an entirely original drama.

"Well, just as all this was beginning, Mr. Bulwer married, in 1827, when he was but twenty-two years old. He went to Parliament—and broke down in his early speeches. He had found his wife incompatible; and, it is a statement which has never been denied, and is intrinsically probable, that upon one occasion, after some conspicuous failure, *he struck her*. Hereupon they separated, and the income he had received from her he allowed to be paid to her for her support. The amount was about two thousand dollars. He soon after succeeded to fifty thousand dollars a year—exclusive of his large literary income. Lady Bulwer, apparently a coarse woman, wrote a series of very poor novels, abusing her husband—and lived in retirement near Taunton. The right honorable Baronet, having been made part of the new ministry, recently went down to Taunton to address the electors, with the hope of being returned to Parliament, and there at the hustings, as he was concluding his speech, as public dinners are concluded, with some cheap compliment to women, behold Madame, even Lady Bulwer herself, who, before the face of the whole world, charged the delightful chronicler of innumerable unhappy loves with being a smooth-tongued villain!

"The celebrated novelist and Colonial Secretary withdrew; but a few days afterward Lady Bulwer was seized and thrown into a mad-house! Dear, delightful man!

"The citizens of Taunton held a public meeting, to protest against the individual outrage and the threatened danger to the liberty of the subject—and now comes the extraordinary sequel, from the London *Times* of July 14:

"'We are requested to state, upon the best authority, that all matters in reference to Lady Bulwer Lytton, about whom certain statements have appeared in some of the public journals, are in process of being amicably settled by family arrangements to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.'

"Now if the arrangement be satisfactory to all parties it must be so to the chief party—the lady; and to her no arrangement can be satisfactory which does not release her from the lunatic asylum. But if she is to be released she is not a lunatic. Why, then, was she thrown into such a place?

"Dear young ladies, the moral is this. However brilliant and talented and fascinating a man may be, and however true it is that a man may be intellectually eminent without being morally excellent, yet all creative art springs as much from the heart as from the mind; and when a man is selfish and coarse, like Byron, you will find selfishness and coarseness in his poetry, however melodious; and when a man strikes his wife and imprisons her in a mad-house, you may be sure that the glittering hollowness which many thoughtful readers had found in his books was not altogether a foolish fancy.

"I know you can never forgive me; but, one day, when you have *your* young ladies and gentlemen growing up around you, you will believe that I am and have always been your friend,

"Timothy Redtop."

"SO YOUNG, TOO?"

On a winter afternoon some four years ago the Lounger, who had been walking upon the frozen Connecticut and watching the light die away from the graceful hills that make the valley of the River of Pines so lovely, returned to the hotel in Hartford. Just at dusk a young man knocked at the door, and, upon entering, modestly introduced himself. He had published some sketches in a magazine, and his profession was the law. But he was very anxious to relinquish his profession and devote himself to literature, and came to consult with the Lounger upon the wisdom of such a plan. He was very earnest and confident, and, after a few words, it was clear that the young man's resolution was very nearly taken.

To such a man asking such a question there is but one answer, and that is a frank statement of the difficulties, and dangers, and doubts of the literary profession, and an exhortation to wait patiently and discover what are the chances of success. So the Lounger said to the young man, and they had a pleasant talk together. The young man persevered and wrote more magazine papers, and at last a little novel of New England life called "Twice Married," which was published in a volume, was republished in England, and had a quiet little reputation, as it deserved, as an admirable picture of New England character and development.

It is summer now, and the hills of the Connecticut are green and soft in the tender light. But for the young man, in whose heart such high hopes burned, who believed as we all believe, who saw the stars and sought to write his name among them, who saw the Future and wondered if it would not crown him with laurel and whisper his name,

"His part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is, that his grave is green."

The reader of the newspapers has recently seen that Calvin W. Philleo died at his home in Connecticut. To that frail paragraph his fame is given. But the soldier does not forget the comrade whose word, and jest, and tear, and sympathy, helped cheer the weary way and the hot fight, although he lies nameless upon the distant shore and the bulletin omits him; so the authors of the same age, in the same country, knowing or not knowing each other, successful or not in their careers, do not forget the names of those who started with them and wrote by their sides, and dreamed, and hoped, and longed, and struggled beside them. In the memories of such those who die young, whose merit was a possibility rather than a performance, dwell gently and long. "They might have been!" those comrades say to their children.

"Friends that we knew,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree."

A NEW FASHION.

Yes, at last, something really new, and happy the young woman who tries it first at Newport or Saratoga. Just cut your hair short in front on the forehead, sloping so as to make it gradually longer as you come to the ear; then twist it and tie it and band it when you go to bed. In the morning there will be a huge, irregular friz on both sides of your head, filling up the front of the bonnet, and positively the latest thing. A correspondent of one of the daily papers writes that, when a noted actress made her appearance in this coiffure, the house was filled by other devotees of the same style. Those who follow the fashion are called *mal-peignées*—the badly combed. It is supposed to be indicative of the state of things on the other—the inner—side of the skulls on which it appears. Now let all start fair—as the minister said to his congregation of wreckers when a ship was thrown up on the beach in service time. Let all the young ladies agree upon a certain morning to grace the bountiful breakfast-tables of Sharon, Saratoga, Niagara, Newport, the Virginia Springs, Cape May, Long Branch, the White Mountains, and Lake George, with the new coiffure.

SMALL SUPERSTITIONS.

A sensible man once told the Lounger that whenever he dined in company and noticed that there were thirteen at the table, he immediately pleaded illness, and retired.

"How do you act if there are fourteen?" replied the Lounger.

"I stay, and eat my dinner."

"How if there are twelve?" said the Lounger.

"I continue to eat and drink."

"But why do you select thirteen as an unlucky number?"

"Because Judas was the thirteenth at table."

"This is serious on your part?"

"Most serious. I dined at my aunt's table once with thirteen, and one of them died before the end of the year," said the Lounger's friend.

"Indeed," replied the Lounger. "I dined once at my uncle's table with eighteen, and three died before the end of the year."

"Indeed! indeed!"

"You don't agree with Rory O'More?"

"No, what does he say?"

"'There's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O'More.'"

"But this is no jesting matter."

"Then there's no joke in the world."

And so we parted.

But there are grave people who are really seriously troubled if they tip over the salt—if they break a mirror—if they pass under a ladder—and a hundred other things that somebody must be continually doing somewhere. It is a kind of superstition which is very prevalent, but is hushed up, because, although every body hasn't sense enough not to share it, every body has sense enough to be ashamed of it.

In Bordeaux a society has been formed to attack this weakness. A company of thirteen is to dine together on Fridays—turn the chairs round—tip over salt-cellars—cross the knives and forks, and smash looking-glasses. The amusing and melancholy part is, that if either of them should die during the year—there are thousands of fairly intelligent people who would lay it to the salt, or the looking-glass. Let us have done laughing at Roman augurs who consulted the entrails of birds to know what was to happen to the state.

A BOY SUFFOCATED IN A CHEST.

The accompanying pictures illustrate a very sad occurrence which took place a few days since in Brooklyn, Long Island.

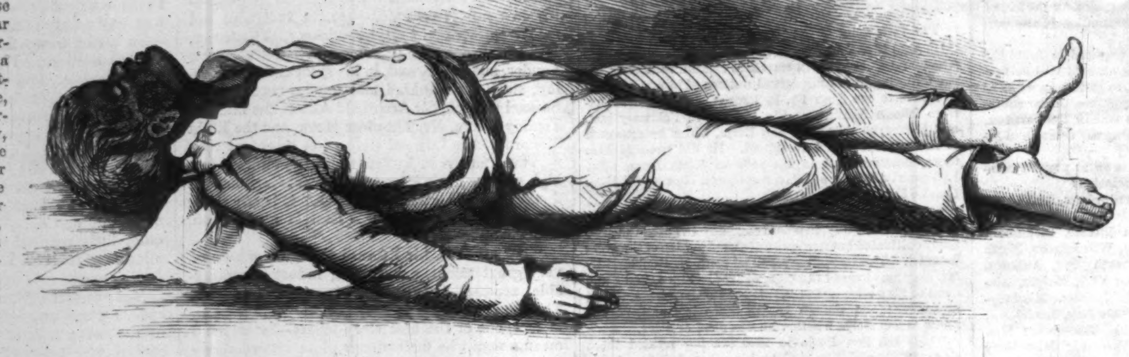
It appears that in a house on Division Avenue, near Myrtle, there lived a German family, consisting of a man and his wife, and a little boy nine years of age, the child of the wife by a former husband. On Friday, 23d ult., the woman left the house to call on some of her neighbors, and directed the boy to wash the dishes in her absence. Having done so, the child began to play with some boys in the neighborhood, and from one of them received a cent to purchase candy to be divided among them. No sooner had the boy received the cent, it is said, than he ran up stairs, and being hotly pursued by his companion, sought a hiding-place in a chest which lay in the garret. The better to conceal himself, he pulled the lid of the chest down, the latch caught, and the poor little fellow was suffocated.

It will be seen, by the drawing of the chest, that it is very strong and well made, with iron bands passing round it, and a solid catch. It is, in fact, almost air tight.

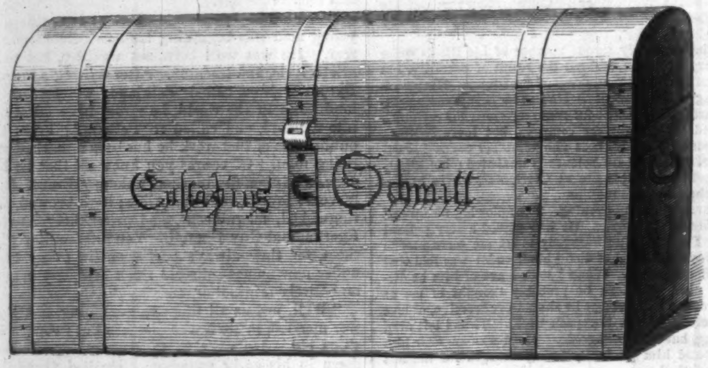
The boy must have struggled violently to liberate himself, but without success. In his agony he seems to have torn the flesh off one of his cheeks.

On the return of his mother search was made for the missing child, but without result. It was not till Sunday night that attention was directed to the chest by a peculiar smell which was noticed in the garret. The mother opened the chest expecting to find a dead rat inside it; instead of which her horror-struck gaze met the rapidly decaying corpse of her son, with blackened face and eyes protruding from their sockets.

A Coroner's inquest was held and a verdict rendered—Death by suffocation. The boy's name was George Prickner. It is understood that he owned property to some extent in Brooklyn. This, of course, will now go to his bereaved mother.



THE BODY OF GEORGE PRICKNER, AS IT APPEARED WHEN REMOVED FROM THE CHEST.



THE CHEST.

THE MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS AT DJIDDA.

Djidda, or Jidda, is a sea-port on the Arabian coast of the Red Sea, sixty-four miles west from Mecca, of which it is the port. It has about ten thousand inhabitants, is walled, and regularly laid out; surrounded by the desert, and exists only by its commerce. It has several mosques, a governor's residence, and a small castle. A tomb thirty feet long, and reported to be the burial-place of our mother Eve, is in the immediate vicinity of the town, and forms a prominent holy place for the visits of the Mohammedan faithful. Rain-water is preserved in cisterns for drinking purposes, there being no springs in the desert. The town was formerly under the control of the sheriff of Mecca, but now belongs to the Pashalic of Egypt, whose troops garrison it. The harbor is difficult of access, and large ships are obliged to discharge cargo in the offing, two miles from shore. Grain, Mocha coffee, "balm of Mecca," and dates are shipped here for India and the Mediterranean. The imports are: slaves from the Mozambique Channel, shawls and cottons from India, and various provisions and native goods from the opposite coast of Nubia, which is one hundred and twenty miles distant. At certain seasons of the year the town is flooded with pilgrims, to the number of often over ten thousand, on their way to Mecca to worship at the shrine of their prophet.

Being so near the central point of Islamism, Djidda is the scene of much fanaticism. The pilgrims are intolerant of the presence of "Christian dogs;" and the British and French, by whom the commerce of the place is chiefly conducted, have consuls resident there for the protection of the trade. These consuls have, however, no armed force at their disposal, and have been forced to rely upon the assistance of the garrison to settle all disagreements between natives and Europeans. These Europeans are chiefly merchants, residing there for business purposes, and their wives.

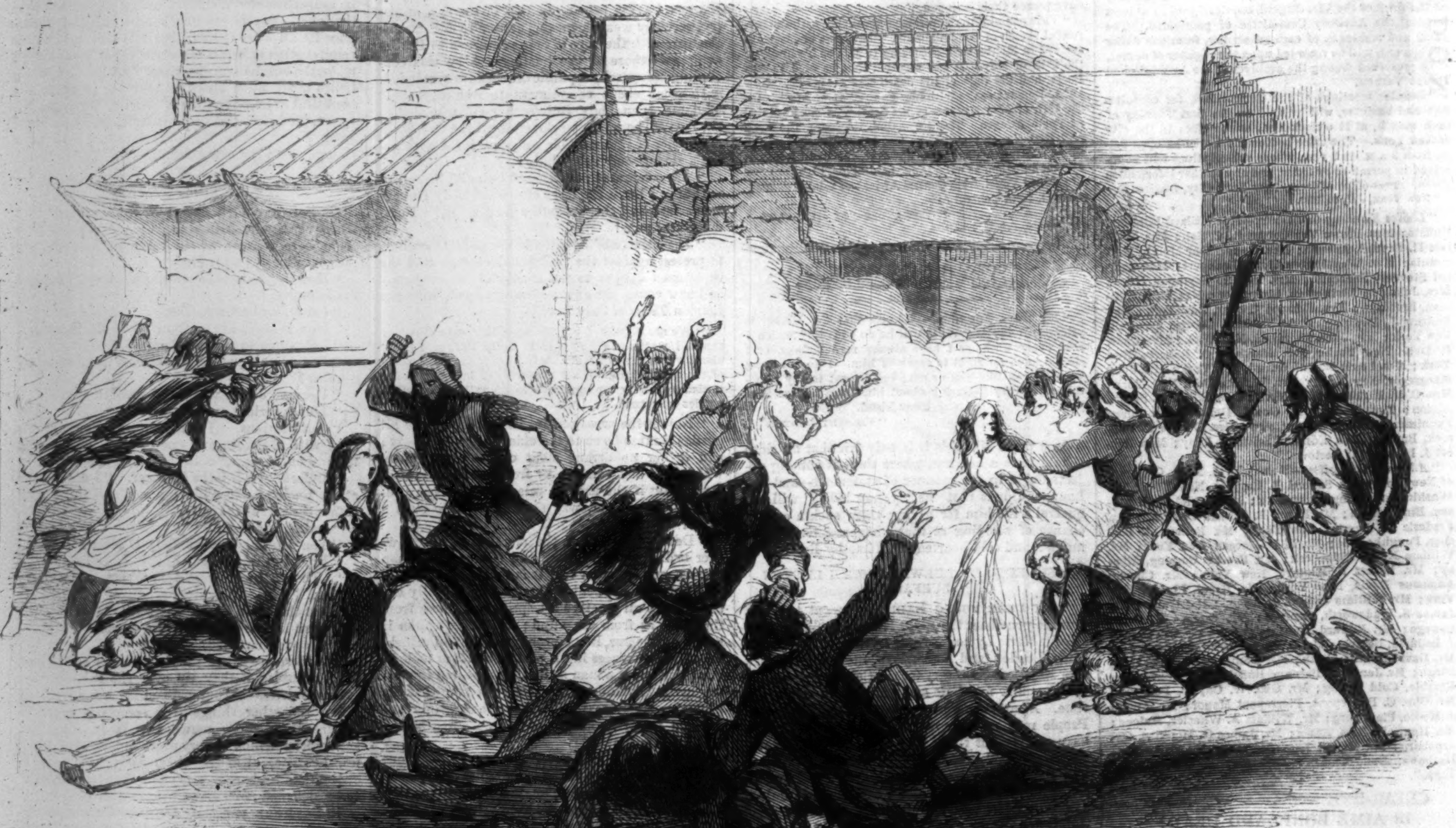
On the 15th of June last the Mohammedan populace butchered the English and French consuls and nineteen other Christians, and plundered the consulates. Our illustration presents the scene. The survivors of the Christian residents were with difficulty saved from the infuriated mob by the Kaimakam, or governor of the place, who, at risk of his life, gave them refuge in his house. The boats' crews were obliged to fire on the advancing Mohammedans, who attempted to intercept the retreat of the Christians. Among the victims is the wife of the French consul. His daughter, a young lady of eighteen years, was saved, but not before she had received a sabre-cut across the cheek. It is stated that she killed the murderer of her father.

The British and French forces have taken possession of the town since; and the Turkish Government has promised to punish the Arabs and give satisfaction to the Governments of the murdered and injured persons.

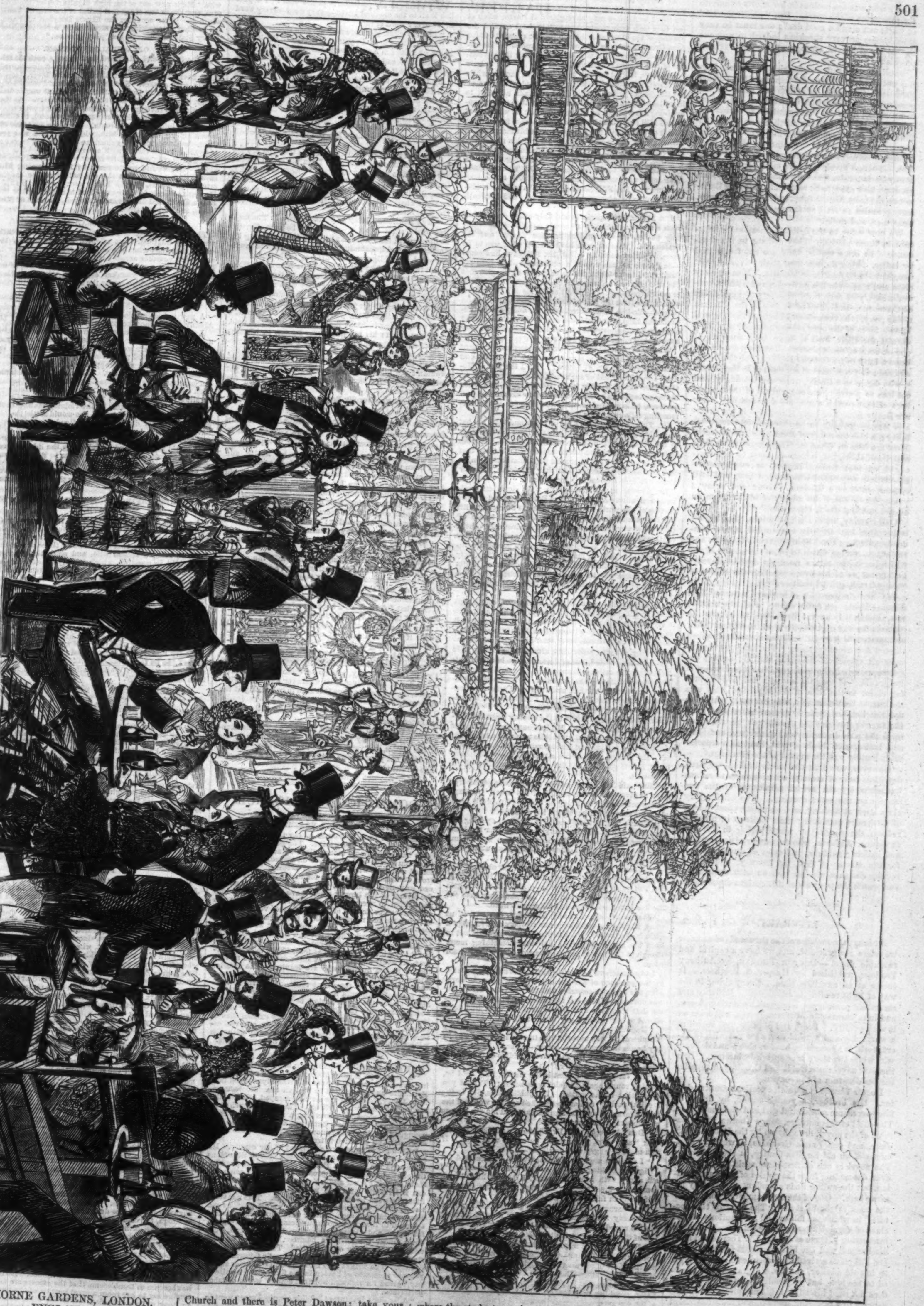
Mohammedanism seems to have grown in fanaticism in all its strongholds since the breaking out of the Indian rebellion. What outside influences may have been brought to bear upon the mutinous Mohammedans in India it is impossible to say. It is stated, however, that among the pilgrims then congregated at Djidda, on their way to Mecca, was a Mussulman sheik, who boasted that he had been an actor in the massacre at Delhi. It needed no more than this to inflame the fanaticism of the barbarous Hadramites, whose hatred of Christians is well known. It is supposed that the present massacre had been for some time planned. The fact that at no less than four points in the Sultan's dominions have Christians been ill-used and massacred since the breaking out of the Indian rebellion would seem to show that that movement has not been without its influence upon the ignorant and fanatical masses of Islamism in other parts of Asia.

The Sublime Porte is evidently powerless for the prevention of such outrages. Its punishments have not hitherto been of a severity adequate to the offenses. This time it is likely that the British and French forces will themselves supervise the administration of justice to the barbarous offenders, and thus teach them that "Christian dogs" are not to be trifled with.

The Arab population believes, in its ignorance, that since the Eastern war the influence of the Sultan has become greater than before, and it is asserted that his representative at the Conference of Paris will know how to make the will of the Sultan prevail over that of France and England. The populace sing ballads in Arabic and Turkish which breathe hatred of the Christians. This occurrence at Djidda has caused a great sensation at Alexandria.



MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS AT DJIDDA.



CREMORNE GARDENS, LONDON.

CREMORNE GARDENS, LONDON, ENGLAND.

A European institution which has never been naturalized in this country is the public gardens and dancing establishments. It would seem as though, in the United States, there was no compromise or middle way between the stiffest propriety and the loosest immorality. There is the Church and there is Peter Dawson; take your choice; but between the two there is nothing.

They order these things differently in Europe. In each large city there are several public gardens where dancing, flirtation, and amusements of various kinds take place several times a week. Some of the gardens are open every evening; others on certain nights only. Paris boasts several such gardens, beginning with the famous *Chaumière*, where the students work off the effects of law and medicine by vigorous *cancans* with *grisettes*, and copious *chopines* of beer. Then there is Mabille, an establishment of a somewhat higher class; the Chateau d'Eau, and several others, which are frequented by men about town and the wealthier class of *lorettes.* The entertainment at all these places is the same—a good orchestra, a good floor, cosy summer-houses for flirtations, and copious refreshments of various quality. Half past seven is the hour at which people begin to assemble at the students' gardens; nine is the recognized hour of meeting at the more aristocratic gardens on the north of the Boulevards. From these hours till midnight the dance is kept up with praiseworthy diligence. Policemen are present to watch over "the public morals;" occasionally they have been seen to expel from the gardens a riotous youth, or a lady who was too zealous in her efforts to imitate the pirouettes of the opera. But "public morals" in Paris can stand a good deal; one must be very troublesome or very shocking indeed to provoke the interposition of these guardians of Parisian propriety.

Similar establishments flourish in Vienna, Berlin, and London. The most famous of the London gardens is Cremorne, of which we give, on the previous page, a spirited illustration. It differs in no respect from the Paris gardens, save that the dancing is heavier, and the mirth less noisy. John Bull is sad over his pleasures; his jollity has sometimes a mournful aspect. Cremorne, viewed by a stranger, seems to carry its own punishment on its face. Though lovely girls are more plentiful than at any Paris gardens, and here and there you do see groups which seem to be resolutely enjoying themselves, the most common expression of countenance, among males as well as females, is one of care, weariness, and *ennui*.

We now come to the delicate question in reference to these places. They belong to the *demi-monde*. In other words, they are not frequented by ladies. Men do not take their wives or their daughters to Cremorne or Mabille. Men of every class and station in life go freely, and without concealment; you may meet members of Parliament at Cremorne, and peers of France at the Chateau d'Eau; nay, it has even been whispered that the well known faces of the most eminent American clergy, abroad for their health, have been detected at one or both of these places. But they are an unknown land to respectable ladies. For the lovely and seducing creatures whom you see in the picture—who dance so blithely, smile so charmingly, and eat ices so prettily, are one and all of them members of that pariah caste, the *demi-monde*. They are Becky Sharps or Lady Hamiltons in the chrysalis stage—waiting to be elevated into respectability; which too many of them, alas! never reach. They are here on 'Change. These gardens are their matrimonial market, where—it must be acknowledged without banns, license, or magistrate—unions are negotiated which often last, and still oftener embitter a lifetime. Many and many a young fellow dates the misery of his life from an evening at Mabille or Cremorne.

Quite lately, within a few weeks, that highly respectable but slightly unoccupied sect of Londoners of whom Lord Shaftesbury is the type and the chief—having failed to rouse the women of our Southern States into a rebellion against slavery, and failed as decidedly to regulate the affairs of Tuscany and the Pope—have taken in hand the nearer and cheaper task of setting Cremorne Gardens straight. In order not to brusk the matter, it was decided, as the first step, to devote the gardens for one night in the week to "the nobility and gentry." A grand ball was accordingly given there a few evenings since. The lady patronesses were all women of title and station; among the guests were half the belles and half the dandies of Belgravia. If ever there was a ball which could lay claim to the title of distinguished, this was the one. Unfortunately, the heavens, which do not discriminate so nicely as mere mortals between the *haut monde* and the *demi-monde*, poured down upon the poor duchesses and countesses, and lords and ladies, such floods of rain, that, as a reporter said, Puddle was the master of the situation.

However, now that the ice is broken, we shall doubtless hear of more direct endeavors to reform Cremorne by the actual admixture of the two *mondes* on the same evening. The Shaftesbury class stick at nothing, and we must expect to hear of duchesses sacrificing their feelings in order to redeem the *cancan* by participating in its performance. As for us, who only know of *demi-mondes* and dancing gardens, and even of duchesses too, for the matter of that, by hearsay, and from a remote distance we can look on with composure, and watch the progress of this curious experiment.

LITERARY.

AT length the wishes of the thousands of summer travelers are gratified, and we have a capital and readable novel—DOCTOR THORNE, by Anthony Trollope, published by Harper & Brothers. It comes at an excellent time. Every thing in the way of light reading is exhausted. Railway and steamboat passengers, loungers at watering-places, and inhabitants of quiet farm-houses, will seize on it with avidity. Fresh and piquant, just suited to a warm day and a mind that does not wish to exert itself, it abounds in humor, sharp and delicate wit, while the story is of sprightly interest. It is the best novel since Debit and Credit, and supplies the desideratum of the season.

Doctor Thorne is a quiet, excellent country doctor. His brother, a young scamp, by drugs or force overcame a beautiful girl and dishonored her. The child of this outrage, Mary Thorne, is the heroine of the novel, brought up by the Doctor as his niece, and one Frank Gresham, a wealthy commoner of an old English family, is the real hero. The novel is one of first-class society, seldom, if ever, descending from the circles of rank and fashion, but the author finds abundant opportunity for satire here. One of the most amusing portions of the book might be styled "The wars of the doctors," in which the follies and assumptions of one class of physicians are well shown up. Here is an interesting passage at arms. Dr. Thorne had been discharged, and Dr. Fillgrave sent for, but before Dr. Fillgrave arrived the patient concluded to stick to his old adviser, and Dr. Fillgrave is not allowed to see him, but very politely informed that he does not need his advice this morning. Fillgrave departs in a towering passion, and Lady Scatcherd follows him into the hall and presses on him a five-pound fee, which he virtuously resists.

"Now do'ee take it, do'ee," pressed Lady Scatcherd.

"Utterly out of the question," said Dr. Fillgrave, with great deliberation, as he backed his way into the hall. As he did so, of course he turned round, and found himself almost in the arms of Dr. Thorne.

As Burley must have glared at Bothwell when they rushed together in that dread encounter on the mountain side; as Achilles may have glared at Hector when at last they met, each resolved to test in fatal conflict the prowess of the other, so did Dr. Fillgrave glare at his foe from Greshamsbury, when, on turning round on his exalted heel, he found his nose on a level with the top button of Dr. Thorne's waistcoat.

And here, if it be not too tedious, let us pause a while to recapitulate and add up the undoubted grievance of the Barchester practitioner. He had made no effort to ingratiate himself into the sheepfold of that other shepherd-dog; it was not by his seeking that he was now at Boxall Hill; much as he hated Dr. Thorne, full sure as he felt of that man's utter ignorance, of his incapacity to administer properly even a black dose, of his murdering propensities, and his low, mean, unprofessional style of practice, nevertheless, he has done nothing to undermine him with these Scatcherds. Dr. Thorne might have sent every mother's son at Boxall Hill to his long account, and Dr. Fillgrave would not have interfered—would not have interfered unless specially and duly called on to do so.

But he had been specially and duly called on. Before such a step was taken, some words must have undoubtedly passed on the subject between Thorne and the Scatcherds. Thorne must have known what was to be done. Having been so called, Dr. Fillgrave had come—had come all the way in a post-chaise—had been refused admittance to the sick man's room on the plea that the sick man was no longer sick, and just as he was about to return fee-less—for the want of the fee was not the less a grievance from the fact of its having been tendered and refused—fee-less, dishonored, and in dudgeon, he encountered this other doctor—this very rival whom he had been sent to supplant—he encountered him in the very act of going to the sick man's room.

What mad, fanatic Burley, what god-succored, insolent Achilles ever had such cause to swell with wrath as at that moment had Dr. Fillgrave? Had I the pen of Molière, I could fitly tell of such medical anger, but with no other pen can it be fitly told. He did swell, and when the huge bulk of his wrath was added to his natural proportions, he loomed gigantic before the eyes of the surrounding followers of Sir Roger.

Dr. Thorne stepped back three steps and took his hat from his head, having, in the passage from the hall door to the dining-room, hitherto omitted to do so. It must be borne in mind that he had no conception whatever that Sir Roger had declined to see the physician for whom he had sent—none whatever that that physician was now about to return fee-less to Barchester.

Dr. Thorne and Dr. Fillgrave were doubtless well-known enemies. All the world of Barchester, and all that portion of the world of London which is concerned with the lancet and the scalping-knife, were well aware of this: they were continually writing against each other; continually speaking against each other; but yet they had never hitherto come to that positive personal collision which is held to justify a cut direct. They very rarely saw each other; and when they did meet, it was in some usual way in the streets of Barchester or elsewhere, and on such occasions their habit had been to bow with very cold propriety.

On the present occasion, Dr. Thorne, of course, felt that Dr. Fillgrave had the whip-hand of him; and, with a sort of manly feeling on such a point, he conceived it to be most compatible with his own dignity to show, under such circumstances, more than his usual courtesy—something, perhaps, amounting almost to cordiality. He had been supplanted, *quoad* doctor, in the house of this rich, eccentric railway baronet, and he would show that he bore no malice on that account. So he smiled blandly as he took off his hat, and in a civil speech he expressed a hope that Dr. Fillgrave had not found his patient to be in any very unfavorable state.

Here was an aggravation to the already lacerated feelings of the injured man. He had been brought thither to be scoffed and scorned at, that he might be a laughing-stock to his enemies, and food for mirth to the vile-minded. He swelled with noble anger till he would have burst, had it not been for the opportune padding of his frock-coat.

"Sir," said he, "Sir;" and he could hardly get his lips open to give vent to the tumult of his heart. Perhaps he was not wrong, for it may be that his lips were more eloquent than would have been his words.

"What's the matter?" said Dr. Thorne, opening his eyes wide, and addressing Lady Scatcherd over the head and across the hairs of the irritated man below him. "What on earth is the matter? Is any thing wrong with Sir Roger?"

"Oh laws, Doctor," said her ladyship, "oh laws, I'm sure it ain't my fault. Here's Dr. Fillgrave in a taking, and I'm quite ready to pay him—quite. If a man gets paid, what more can he want?" And she again held out the five-pound note over Dr. Fillgrave's head.

What more, indeed, Lady Scatcherd, can any of us want, if only we could keep our tempers and feelings a little in abeyance? Dr. Fillgrave, however, could not so keep his, and therefore he did want something more, though at the present moment he could have hardly said what.

Lady Scatcherd's courage was somewhat resuscitated by the presence of her ancient trusty ally; and, moreover, she began to conceive that the little man before her was unreasonable beyond all conscience in his anger, seeing that that for which he was ready to work had been offered to him without any work at all.

"Madam," said he, again turning round at Lady Scatcherd, "I was never before treated in such a way in any house in Barsetshire—never—never."

"Good Heavens, Dr. Fillgrave," said he of Greshamsbury, "what is the matter?"

"I'll let you know what is the matter, Sir," said he, turning round again as quickly as before; "I'll let you know what is the matter. I'll publish this, Sir, to the medical world;" and as he shrieked out the words of the threat, he stood on tiptoes and brandished his eye-glasses up almost into his enemy's face.

"Don't be angry with Dr. Thorne," said Lady Scatcherd; "any ways, you needn't be angry with him. If you must be angry with any body—"

"I shall be angry with him, madam," ejaculated Dr. Fillgrave, making another sudden demi-pirouette. "I am angry with him—or, rather, I despise him;" and, completing the circle, Dr. Fillgrave again brought himself round in full front of his foe.

Dr. Thorne raised his eyebrows and looked inquiringly at Lady Scatcherd; but there was a quiet sarcastic motion round his mouth which by no means had the effect of throwing oil on the troubled waters.

"I'll publish the whole of this transaction to the medical world, Dr. Thorne—the whole of it; and if that has not the effect of rescuing the people of Greshamsbury out of your hands, then—then—then I don't know what will. Is my carriage, that is, post-chaise, there?" and Dr. Fillgrave, speaking very loudly, turned majestically to one of the servants.

"What have I done to you, Dr. Fillgrave?" said Dr. Thorne, now absolutely laughing, "that you should determine to take the bread out of my mouth? I am not interfering with your patient. I have come here simply with reference to money matters appertaining to Sir Roger."

"Money matters! Very well—very well; money matters! That is your idea of medical practice! Very well—very well. Is my post-chaise at the door? I'll publish it all to the medical world—every word—every word of it—every word of it."

"Publish what, you unreasonable man?"

"Man! Sir, whom do you call a man? I'll let you know whether I'm a man—post-chaise there!"

"Don't 'ee call him names now, Doctor; don't 'ee, pray don't 'ee," said Lady Scatcherd.

By this time they had all got somewhat nearer the hall-door; but the Scatcherd retainers were too fond of the row to absent themselves willingly at Dr. Fillgrave's bidding, and it did not appear that any one went in search of the post-chaise.

"Man! Sir, I'll let you know what it is to speak to me in that style. I think, Sir, you hardly know who I am."

"All that I know of you at present is that you are my friend Sir Roger's physician, and I can not conceive what has occurred to make you so angry." And, as he spoke, Dr. Thorne looked carefully at him to see whether that pump discipline had in truth been applied. There were no signs whatever that cold water had been thrown upon Dr. Fillgrave.

"My post-chaise—is my post-chaise there? The medical world shall know all—you may be sure, Sir, the medical world shall know it all;" and thus, ordering his post-chaise, and threatening Dr. Thorne with the medical world, Dr. Fillgrave made his way to the door.

But the moment he put on his hat he returned. "No, madam," said he, "no, it is quite out of the question: such an affair is not to be arranged by such means. I'll publish it all to the medical world—post-chaise there!" and then, using all his force, he flung as far as he could into the hall a light bit of paper. It fell at Dr. Thorne's feet, who, raising it, found that it was a five-pound note.

"I put it into his hat just while he was in his tantrum," said Lady Scatcherd. "And I thought that perhaps he would not find it till he got to Barchester. Well, I wish he'd been paid, certainly, although Sir Roger wouldn't see him; and in this manner Dr. Thorne got some glimpse of understanding into the cause of the great offense.

"I wonder whether Sir Roger will see *me!*" said he, laughing.

Here are very fair directions to a modest man for an after-dinner speech. Frank Gresham is to have a grand dinner on his arriving at age.

Some one, of course, would propose his health, and then there would be a clatter of voices, ladies and gentlemen, men and girls; and when that was done he would find himself standing on his legs, with the room about him going round and round and round.

Having had a previous hint of this, he had sought advice from his cousin, the Honorable George, whom he regarded as a dab at speaking; at least, so he had heard the Honorable George say of himself.

"What the deuce is a fellow to say, George, when he stands up after the clatter is done?"

"Oh, it's the easiest thing in life," said the cousin.

"Only remember this, you mustn't get astray; that is what they call presence of mind, you know. I'll tell you what I do, and I'm often called up, you know; at our agriculturals I always propose the farmers' daughters. Well, what I do is this: I keep my eye steadfastly fixed on one of the bottles, and never move it."

"On one of the bottles!" said Frank; "wouldn't it be better if I made a mark of some old covey's head? I don't like looking at the table."

"The old covey'd move, and then you'd be done; besides, there isn't the least use in the world in looking up. I've heard people say, who go to those sort of dinners every day of their lives, that whenever any thing witty is said, the fellow who says it is sure to be looking at the mahogany."

"Oh, you know I sha'n't say any thing witty; I'll be quite the other way."

"But there's no reason you shouldn't learn the manner. That's the way I succeeded. Fix your eye on one of the bottles, put your thumbs in your waistcoat pockets, stick out your elbows, bend your knees a little, and then go ahead."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXCITEMENT ABOUT FRAZER'S RIVER.

THEY write from California to say that Frazer River continues to occupy every mind. The press of the entire State has been almost monopolized by accounts and letters from there; and every line on the subject has been seized and read with the utmost avidity. The exodus from California of emigrants for that region has continued unabated. Steamers and sailing vessels—some of the former of the largest class—have been brought into requisition to accommodate the travel. Owing to the carelessness, or design, of the masters of vessels in not entering the full number of their passengers on the custom-house books, it is impossible to get at the exact number of those who have left San Francisco, since the breaking out of the excitement, for the new gold region; but it is variously estimated at from 15,000 to 18,000 persons, all adult males. As yet there seems to be no falling off in the number who are leaving. The interior towns are being deserted, and operations in part of our mining country will for a time cease. Property in various parts of California has necessarily depreciated. In many places the depreciation is unreasonably great; and perhaps, says the *Bulletin*, a better time for investing money profitably in California never existed than at present. Mining claims, paying splendidly, and real estate, have been sold by individuals afflicted with the "Frazer River fever" at less than half their real value.

A STRANGE ROMANCE.

A Watertown (New York) paper has the following:

"A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers relating how a man named Frazer was recently arrested near Baltimore and committed to the jail near Moorestown, New Jersey, from whence he had escaped, when under confinement for counterfeiting. The story is touched up with a little romance concerning a sister of his, who is said to have struggled hard for a livelihood in her younger days, but who is now a great lady at the Court of France—all of which is true.

"This Frazer was once a resident of our county. He came here with Lucien Murat—son of the illustrious Murat and the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte—nephew of the old and cousin of the present Emperor. Lucien, assisted by this Frazer and a French chap, whose name we can not recall, undertook to build a 'city' on Indian River, between Evans Mills and Theresa. This was some twenty-three years ago. This trio were a precious set. Horse-racing and cock-fighting were more industriously attended to than legitimate business; still a grist-mill, a few shops, and a store were put up, but in the end, went down under the sheriff's hammer. Thus began and ended the great city of 'Joachim.' The old mill is still standing as a monument of Lucien Murat's failures in this county. The wright who built the mill still holds an expressive memento of Lucien in the form of a 'promise to pay,' given for eighteen hundred dollars' worth of labor performed.

"After our adventurers left this county Frazer went to New York and got rich—Murat went to Bordentown, New Jersey, married Frazer's sister, and remained poor. His wife actually supported him by teaching school. Meantime her brother continued to wax fat and fast. He became noted as a gentleman of wealth, leisure, and pleasure, without giving a thought, it is said, to his relatives, who were then under the frowns of fortune. The throw of the dice-box of destinies which gave France into the hands of Louis Napoleon, also gave peace and glory to Lucien Murat and his very worthy and hard-working wife. He is now one of the high dignitaries of the Empire, and she is one of the first ladies of the court. Thus, while the sister occupies the Elysée Bourbon at Paris, the brother is awaiting his sentence to serve in a New Jersey State prison. So the 'play' goes on."

FURY OF A JEALOUS WOMAN.

At the City Hotel, Hartford, last week, a maid-of-all-work—a good-looking woman of twenty-four—named Mary Sheridan, cut the throat of her false lover, James Martin, with a razor. She had seen or heard something to open her eyes to the fact that her gallant was an impostor, who had a wife and children elsewhere. So she determined to revenge herself, and watching from a window, enticed Martin, who was passing the hotel, to come in and up into a porter's room. Here, on pretense of loosening his cravat for him, which she said was too tight, the desperate girl gained an opportunity to cut a big gash into his throat with a razor; it missed the artery, and Martin escaped from her with a liberal loss of blood. His wound was dressed by Dr. Ellsworth, who says it is a wonder that she did not sever the carotid artery; as it was, Martin barely escaped with his life. He was too weak from loss of blood to appear before the Police Court, and Mary was sent to jail, for want of $500 bonds, to await her trial.

STRIKE, BUT HEAR ME!

The Detroit Board of Education, who must be a little waggishly inclined, have adopted as a device for the seal of that body a handsome young school-mistress with a thriving younker across her lap. The left hand is uplifted, having a stout leathern strap in the act of descending upon the younker aforesaid, whose mouth is wide open, from which issues the motto of seal, "Strike, but hear me!"

A NEW SWINDLING DODGE.

A new swindling dodge has lately come to light in Albany, which shop-keepers will do well to beware of.

A young lady there entered a grocery, and after taking a seat on a chair near the counter, ordered a variety of articles, which were weighed, tied up, and handed to her by the attentive and polite store-keeper. As each package was given her, she dropped it into an earthen vase which she held in her lap. When she had completed her purchases she placed the lid on the vase, and setting it on one end of the counter, requested the store-keeper to allow it to stand there for a few minutes, while she attended to some business in the vicinity, stating at the same time that on her return she would settle the bill. Shortly after her departure, an attendant of the store having occasion to move this vase, it was found to be considerably lighter than the number of articles placed in it would warrant, and on removing the lid the secret was discovered—there was no bottom to it! It is supposed that the ingenious female had a pocket in the front of her dress, in which to place the articles as they were handed to her. It is needless to say that she did not return for her vase.

A FATHER TRYING TO STARVE HIS CHILD TO DEATH.

A man in Cincinnati named Wm. Lally, says the *Gazette*, 27th ult., was lately brought before Judge Pruden, upon the charge of attempting *to starve his own child to death!* It appears that some two or three weeks since Lally married a second wife, and since that time the little child in question, which is only between two and three years of age, has been compelled to remain in the wood-shed, both day and night, with scarce food enough to sustain life. It had become fearfully emaciated, and presented an appearance calculated to excite the sympathies of the most indifferent. Some of the neighbors gave the child food; it devoured it most ravenously, thereby giving the lie to the assertion of the father, that he offered the child food, but that it would not eat it. The only excuse Lally made for his inhuman conduct, when arrested, was, that the child was sick, and smelled so badly that it was very offensive to have it in the house! So he thrust the poor little thing into the wood-shed to starve. Dr. Walker stated that it was suffering from starvation only.

HORRIBLE SUICIDE IN DELIRIUM TREMENS.

Phil Hickey, at Newark, found about seven dollars, and immediately went on a spree, working himself up to an incipient stage of *mania a potu*. Friday night he slept in a barn belonging to a Mr. Lewis, and in the morning went into a house and asked for a knife, which was given to him. Hickey returned to the barn, and, inserting the knife in his mouth, ripped open one cheek as far back toward the ear as possible, and then, turning the edge, served the other cheek in the same way, but did not succeed in cutting quite so long a gash as on the first attempt. After enlarging his mouth to his entire satisfaction, the wretched man commenced hacking at his throat. He managed to remove sufficient of the flesh to lay bare the windpipe, arteries, etc., but the dullness of the knife prevented the accomplishment of his suicidal purpose, if he can be supposed to have had any purpose at all. Even the horrible condition to which the poor fellow had reduced himself did not prevent him from craving for liquor, and he drank a glass of whisky with eagerness before his wounds had been attended to.

PERSONAL.

Perley, the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, writes: "Queen Isabella will probably be requested, in a quiet way, to order Signor Muruagua home to his mother's Andalusian possessions, or to transfer him to some other post, and thus relieve Mr. Corcoran from his impertinent, chivalrous, and amatory demonstrations. It is but a repetition of the action of unprincipled foreign adventurers, since the days of Lady Washington's Republican Court, when the Count de Tilly ran away with Miss Maria Matilda Bingham of Philadelphia, who afterward became Lady Ashburton. Her papa, Mr. Bingham (a Senator in Congress and a Quaker City millionaire merchant), was very much incensed at the abduction of Miss Maria Matilda, then only sixteen, and one of his friends, a transatlantic packet captain named Barry, gave the Count a thrashing. But the gallant Frenchman claimed his wedded wife, and Mr. Bingham was forced to pay him £5000 (or rather satisfy his creditors to that amount), and to settle an annuity of £600 on him. The Count then left for *la belle France*, the marriage was legally declared a myth, and the fair Miss Matilda was afterward wooed and won by Mr. Baring, who, in due course of time, became Lord Ashburton. 'There is nothing new under the sun,' and the Riviere-Blount case, with others of recent occurrence, are but a repetition of the speculations of the Count de Tilly."

Ex-President Tyler is in Norfolk; Van Buren remains at his home in Kinderhook; Fillmore is at Niagara Falls; Pierce is still in Europe. Governor Chase, of Ohio, is in Boston; Governor Wise is at Cobb's Island, Virginia.

Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, left Crawfordville on the 19th ultimo, in company with his brother, Linton Stephens, Esq., on a tour to the northwest, with the intention of visiting Ohio, Indiana, and several other States before they return, and to be absent till the latter part of August.

"This year," says the London correspondent of the *Times*, "is sending an unusually large delegation of Britons to our shores. Besides the young lordlings who have already gone to delight themselves at Newport and Saratoga, the celebrated economist, Mr. Nassau Senior, who has just come back with a new theory of Troy from Asia Minor, is shortly to sail for New York, in company with Sir David Dundas, and, as rumor darkly hints, with Lord John Russell himself, whose political functions at home are not absolutely enslaving just at this time."

The vailed murderess, Mrs. Robinson, of Troy, gives the keepers at Sing Sing a deal of trouble. Latterly she has become so troublesome that the officers are forced to confine her to her room a great portion of the time. For an hour or two each day, while the other convicts are engaged in the shops, she is left at liberty in the prison-yard. Her universal employment there is to hunt over the grass-plat for "four-leaved clover." Four-leaved clover is an ingredient in her imaginary caldron, over which she mutters incantations scarcely less weird and wild than that of the "sisters three."

The Boston matrimonial register shows that, during the last year, there has been no less than sixty amalgamation marriages, all white women with black or colored men. The white ladies of Boston and thereabouts have singular tastes.

Edward Crocker, senior boatswain in the navy, died at Portsmouth last week, aged sixty-eight years. He was on board the unfortunate *Chesapeake* when the collision with the *Leopard* took place. He served on board the *Constitution*, under the command of Commodore Hull, and took an active part in the fight with the *Guerriere*. He was one of the crew of Old Ironsides when she escaped from the British fleet out of Long Island Sound; and in the same vessel participated in the fight with the *Java*, in which she became a prize to the Americans. He was promoted to the office which he held at the time of his death by President Monroe.

It is supposed that the lightning which killed Miss Nancy Godfrey in Cambridge, Massachusetts, while sitting at her chamber window, was attracted by the metal in her hoops, which was partly melted, and her artificial teeth, which were found at some distance from her.

Mr. Asa Foster, a farmer of Canterbury, New Hampshire, is now in his 94th year, and his wife in her 78th year—an aged couple. The gentleman reads without glasses, and has just completed his haying, doing a good share of the mowing and raking.

Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, was complimented by a public dinner at Charleston last Thursday. Twelve or fifteen hundred persons were present.

Four Roman Catholic priests in this city make public announcement that, by the permission of Archbishop Hughes, they have organized a new enterprise under the title of "The Missionaries' Priests of St. Paul the Apostle." They propose to commence their course of missions in the latter part of September.

A gentleman, who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the west of England, in order to encourage his work-people in a due attendance at church on a late fast-day, told them that if they went to church they would receive their wages for that day in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint the employer, that if he would pay them for over-hours, they would attend likewise the Methodist chapel in the evening.

We find in the Boston *Journal*: "The community will be taken somewhat by surprise to learn that Rev. I. S. Kalloch has accepted a call from the Tremont Temple Baptist Church in this city, and will enter upon his pastoral duties on the first Sabbath in September. A meeting of the church was held last evening for the purpose of taking some action with reference to a pastor. The members were requested to express their preferences by ballot. Eighty-three votes were thrown, and Mr. Kalloch had seventy-six of the number. He was immediately informed of the result, made his appearance at the meeting, and accepted the call as above stated.

M. de Pêne, the Paris editor, has nearly recovered from the severe wounds inflicted upon him by his antagonists. They will probably be little pleased to learn that his contributions to the *Figaro* are about to be published in a separate volume, which will thus perpetuate the insults upon the French army.

Prentice tells this story about Brigham Young: "A gentleman, who went to Utah a few years ago as an officer of the United States government, subsequently informed us, that, as he was walking one day with Brigham, they saw a very bright-looking little fellow that attracted their attention. 'What is your name, little boy?' said Brigham. 'John Young, Sir.' 'Who is your father?' Brigham Young, Sir.'"

Master John Murray, of Detroit, a nice boy, has been sent to jail for sixty days, for whipping his mother. He was in the habit of beating her upon the smallest provocation, and a few days since, while at table, he became offended with his sister, and cut her severely with a knife.

We learn that Lord Richard Grosvenor, Lord Henry Cavendish, and the Hon. Mr. Ashley left St. Anthony, Minnesota, on Tuesday the 29th ult., on a buffalo hunt in the wilds of Dacotah. They went with the same great party which Mohammed Pasha, the Turkish Admiral, was to have accompanied. They will be absent in the wilderness some six weeks.

The Rev. Eleazer Williams, the Bourbon Prince, is now dangerously sick at Hogansburg, Franklin County, New York.

In Virginia, it is stated, a man sent to the Penitentiary the third time is never allowed to quit the institution. A man named Blankenship, lately sent there, finds himself in this predicament.

A Bangor paper understands that our fellow-citizen, the distinguished Fishery Commissioner (Ben Wiggin), and suite, created a great sensation at Cherryfield, before reaching the Bluenoses. The Yankees there, excited by the equipage (a coach and four), rumored it that Lord Napier had arrived, and was on his way to her Majesty's dominions. The probability of this being under discussion, one individual declared that he didn't know whether it was Lord Napier, but he could swear that they were English noblemen from a remark one of them made: "Come, Baron, let's take a drink!" The "Baron" (who is Mr. D. B. Hinckley) does not belong to the Commission, but only happened to fall into its net. He has arrived home in safety.

A. H. Pratt, of Titicut, Connecticut, gets his name into the papers because of his smartness as a shoemaker. In nine minutes and forty seconds he made a pair of No. 7 men's shoes, and, with another workman, made forty-four pairs of kip brogans, with two rows of pegs and half welt, in thirteen hours! Through the instrumentality of his wife, a shoemaker of St. Louis, named Henry Hoiser, has achieved some notoriety, for the papers of that city record that his wife has presented him with two boys and a girl at one birth.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THE India Bill is progressing favorably, as likewise the bill for the government of India. Mr. Disraeli has introduced a bill for the purification of the Thames and the draining of London, at a cost of $15,000,000, to be borne by Government.

THE FRAZER RIVER MINES IN PARLIAMENT.

A very important debate took place in the English Parliament the 20th ultimo on the subject of the renewal of the Hudson's Bay Company's charter. Mr. Roebuck moved that the charter ought not to be renewed; that the legal validity of the exclusive rights claimed by the Company, under their charter, ought at once to be determined by process of law; and that so much of the territory hitherto held by the Company as may be needed for the purpose of colonization ought, without delay, to be resumed by the Government. He asserted that he had in view the building up in British North America of great English lines of settlement from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, which would act as a colonial counterpoise to the immense and "overshadowing" national territorial power of the United States. The Cabinet Ministers assumed, in some measure, the same tone, Sir Bulwer Lytton stating that it was the desire of the Government to make powerful military and naval stations at Vancouver's Island, and to own and control a commercial "viaduct" from the Atlantic to the Pacific, into which the immense trade of China and other Eastern countries would fall.

RENEWAL OF THE TELEGRAPH EXPERIMENT.

At latest dates the Atlantic telegraph fleet were appointed to leave Queenstown for another effort on Saturday, 17th ult. The Directors of the Company having resolved, at a meeting on the 14th, that it was desirable that a renewed attempt should be forthwith made, the English Government issued orders accordingly. The *Times* says, in its editorial remarks on the subject, that the *Agamemnon* is clearly unfit to lay the Atlantic cable. If the suggestion of the *Great Eastern* is not thought worth notice, or if the proprietors of that ship are not ready to lend it for that object, let a ship be built for the purpose at once. Whether it succeeds or not at the first trial, it will find sufficient occupation either in renewing the attempt or in laying down additional cable hereafter.

SIR BULWER LYTTON'S TROUBLES.

These unhappy affairs have again come before the public. A few facts may be briefly given.

Lady Lytton, when married to Sir Edward, possessed a small property worth about £400 per annum; and it is stated that, her husband being then in far less affluent circumstances than at present, she transferred this to him, in order to give him a qualification for a seat in Parliament. Her experience of the marriage state was an unhappy one, and in 1836 a separation took place by mutual consent, Sir Edward consenting to pay her £400 a year during his life, which has been her allowance from that to the present time, notwithstanding he is, or is reputed to be, a wealthy man, his annual income being estimated at from £8000 to £10,000. Lady Lytton has become involved in debt, and of late this has claimed about one-half of her income. One of her chief complaints against Sir Edward was the smallness of the means he allowed for her support. By the deed of separation, Lady Lytton was to possess in her own right any property she might hereafter acquire, which has been chiefly from her publications—in some cases remunerative, but in others miserable failures. Lady Lytton has, for some years past, endeavored to obtain an increase of her allowance, and her presence and conduct at the recent re-election of her husband for Hertfordshire (on his accepting office under Government) will be recollected.

SHE IS CONFINED IN A MAD-HOUSE.

It seems that doubts arising in Sir Edward's mind regarding her sanity, he had her examined by two physicians. The result of their last interview with her is thus given: "Her ladyship arose with her friends to depart. Dr. Thompson expressed a desire that she would not hurry away; nevertheless she proceeded, and on getting outside the room was astonished to see before her two policemen, two women who had the appearance of nurses, and a gentleman who, it has since been found, is the keeper of a lunatic asylum in the neighborhood of London. Lady Lytton maintained a calm and dignified demeanor. She was, indeed, the calmer of the two—herself and her Taunton friend—for her affrighted cousin had rushed into the street. She was ushered into another room, on entering which she observed a figure like that of Sir Edward's hastily retreating by a door at the other end. At first she refused to yield up her liberty; but the policemen were called, and she then said, 'Resistance being vain, I submit; but under compulsion.' Her friend insisted upon accompanying her, and she saw on a table in the room a paper, which she presumed to be a 'certificate' of Lady Lytton's insanity. Upon this were the names of two medical gentlemen, and, it is believed, of Sir Edward. Her ladyship being requested to proceed to the door, where, she was told, a carriage was ready to receive her, again refused compliance except under compulsion; and on this the policemen, each taking an arm, led her forward, her friend endeavoring to console her, and seeming to comfort her by the confident exclamations, 'Never mind, Lady Lytton, they may take you, but they can not take me!' 'You may be inside the asylum, but I shall be out!' Besides the lady so often referred to there was no one present on Lady Lytton's part. The policemen did 'their duty,' and her ladyship was constrained to enter the carriage, her friend forcing herself in immediately after her, and refusing to leave it. One or two gentlemen also seating themselves within it, the party was rapidly driven to an asylum at Brentford, kept by a person named Hill."

PROSPECT OF A SETTLEMENT.

It is now stated, upon the best authority, that all matters in reference to this lady, about whom certain statements have appeared in some of the public journals, are in process of being amicably settled by family arrangements to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

LETTER FROM SIR BULWER LYTTON'S SON.

The following letter has been published:

"SIR,—As the son of Lady Bulwer Lytton, with the best right to speak on her behalf, and so obviously with the best means of information as to warrant the hope that my simple assertion will be at once believed in the matter to which I am compelled to refer, I beg to say that the statements which have appeared in some of the public journals are exaggerated and distorted, and that they are calculated to convey to the public mind impressions the most erroneous and unjust. As was natural, I put myself in constant communication with my mother, and with the gentleman with whose family, in his private house, she was placed (for I beg distinctly to state she was never for a moment taken to a lunatic asylum), and carried out the injunctions of my father, who confided to me implicitly every arrangement which my affection could suggest, and enjoined me to avail myself of the advice of Lord Shaftesbury in whatever was judged best and kindest to Lady Lytton.

"My mother is now with me, free from all restraint, and about, at her own wish, to travel for a short time in company with myself and a female friend and relation of her own selection.

"From the moment my father felt compelled to authorize those steps which have been made the subject of so much misrepresentation, his anxiety was to obtain the opinion of the most experienced and able physicians, in order that my mother should not be subject to restraint for one moment longer than was strictly justifiable. Such was his charge to me.

"The certificates given by Dr. Forbes Winslow and Dr. Conolly are subjoined; and I ought to add that Dr. Conolly was the physician whom my father had requested to see Lady Lytton; that Dr. Forbes Winslow was consulted by my mother's legal advisers; and I felt anxious to obtain the additional authority of the opinion of the latter gentleman, and requested my friend, Mr. Edwin James, to place himself in communication with him. I trust that such journals as have given publicity to partial and inaccurate statements, will do me the justice to publish this communication, to which I need add no more than to say, that this painful matter has been arranged, as it ought to be, by the members of the family whom it exclusively regards. I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant. ROBERT B. LYTTON.

"No. 1, PARK LANE, *July* 17, 1858."

A QUEER MARRIAGE.

An accomplished and beautiful young English woman—Miss E. Southall—has fallen in love with and recently married Juan Fernandez, a celebrated bull-fighter at Madrid. The strength and agility of the Spaniard may be imagined from the fact that he frequently tired out the fiercest bull by vaulting on its back, and remained so firmly fixed that the infuriated animal, finding every effort to dislodge him in vain, would at length fall exhausted beneath its Herculean rider; a sight that obtained more applause for Fernandez than the death of half a dozen bulls by the weapon of the stoutest Spaniard. The pair have recently arrived in London, and are now settled in Belgravia, where a splendid mansion was purchased to receive them by the father of the lady.

ANOTHER MESALLIANCE AMONG THE ARISTOCRACY.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly has justly scandalized the fashionable world by avowing his marriage some time ago with his dairy-maid. The fact has been concealed until further concealment was impossible, the lady having presented him with a son and heir, to the intense disgust of his only child by his first marriage—a daughter—who is herself married and has a family. The Attorney-General is in his sixty-second year.

OLD DORRIT ONCE MORE.

A poor man in England sued a wealthy knave for the seduction of his daughter. The suit failed by a *nol pros.*, through the negligence of his solicitors. The cost fell on the plaintiff—three pounds eight shillings. He was thrown into prison, where he remained seven years.

FRANCE.

THE FOURTH JULY AT PARIS.

An English paper says: "Fourth of July was celebrated by the Americans in Paris, at the residence of Mr. Halkett. The *élite* of American society in Paris was present, and a sprinkling of distinguished foreigners also attended. The speeches—and many were delivered—were characterized by the greatest cordiality toward England. General Ward, a member of Congress, scouted the idea of the possibility of a quarrel arising between Young Yankee Doodle and Grandmother Britannia, and touchingly alluded to the common origin of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. These sentiments were loudly cheered by the company. The American minister, Mr. Mason, was not present; but sent in a letter the 'sentiment' he intended proposing, 'The cordial union of France and the United States.' A similar toast was proposed and carried with the greatest enthusiasm in honor of the 'Old Country,' an eminent English barrister returning thanks in a spirited speech. A humorous Virginian also gave a toast to 'the prosperity of Cuba,' remarking, amidst cheers and laughter, 'that in the States they were all fond, he might say they were *very* fond, of Cuba.' Other speeches and toasts of an essentially patriotic character followed, which were duly honored. Without going minutely into their merits, it will be sufficient to say that these representatives of the most slangy nation in all creation talked freely of—

"'——Their patriotic pa's,
And their star-spangled banner;
Their country's bird a settin' by
And cryin' out, Hosanner.'

"One of the features of the feast was the star-spangled banner in question, which was carried about the room, and waved over the heads of the guests at appropriate moments."

BLUNDERS OF THE POLICE.

The *Times* correspondent has the following: "Since the residence of the Emperor at Plombières, where he exposes his person every day in long walks in the neighborhood of the town, the police on the way to Plombières, as well as at the Imperial residence, exercise a redoubled surveillance over all doubtful persons. This surveillance has given rise to the following incident. A noble hidalgo, the Count de V——, of Madrid, arrived a few days ago at Paris, with the intention of visiting Plombières. At Epinal, on the route, the attention of the watchful police was fixed by the strongly-marked physiognomy and the costume of the noble Spaniard, and they demanded to see his passport. The Count had neglected to bring with him that indispensable document. He was thrown into prison, with a strong conviction on the part of the police of Epinal that they were going to save their country from a great crime. The telegraph was put in play, and the police soon learned, to their discomfiture, that their zeal had led them into a gross error. The Count was liberated with a deluge of apologies, but to show that he did not guard rancor for the mistake, he left a sum of money to be distributed among the prisoners of Epinal."

MORE BONAPARTE QUARRELS.

Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte has addressed an angry letter to General de Heischman, aid-de-camp to the King of Wurtemberg, relative to some statements affecting King Joseph, the Prince's father, which occur in the newly-published memoirs of Count Miot, edited by the General, the Count's son-in-law. Miot, the Prince calls a "robber and a butcher;" a "liar or a dastard;" and the letter concludes in the following terms: "As to you, monsieur, since you have not feared to pick out of the mud the pen of the pamphleteer Miot, you will not forget, I conclude, that you carry a sword."

HOOPS GOING OUT.

The Paris correspondence of the *North American* contains the following: "The attempt made by Queen Victoria to resist the invasion of the crinoline is an old story. We use the word *crinoline* as being the one now indiscriminately applied to all *skirt-expanders*, though the material called by that name has been long superseded by steel and whalebone hoops. Her Majesty appeared without one at her daughter's marriage. She was probably annoyed that so much of her territory should be covered by French invention. Since that eventful day no hoops, no stiffeners of any kind swell the skirts of the English belles. On a recent visit to London we were struck by the contrast the female part of the population presented with the Parisiennes; they really seemed like creatures from another sphere; and, after all the outcry that has been raised against the *outre* rotundity imparted by the hoops, we must confess to preferring it by far to the scraggy, long-drawn out forms we saw in England. In Paris the traveling English women, with straight up-and-down, fork-like figures, surmounted by immense flat hats, garnished with lace, resemble open umbrellas—or, as we heard one of their own countrymen say, insane mammoth mushrooms running about the streets.

A NEW HAT FOR LADIES.

"And now we are on the topic of fashions, we must announce a new invention, intended to facilitate traveling, by obviating the necessity for numerous hat-boxes. The chapeau Gibus, which has been some years adopted by the gentlemen, has now its counterpart for the ladies; we have the *chapeau mecanique pour dames*, that contract and expand on the same principle as the opera hats of the celebrated Monsieur Gibus, with this difference, that the bonnet may be as pretty and as tastefully trimmed with flowers or feathers as any other not fold-up-able one, while the male convenience is invariably made up of the same dead-black mourning material, and is, if possible, even uglier than the ordinary stove pipe. The *chapeau mecanique* may be folded and opened one thousand times in succession without any detriment to its beauty and freshness. So says the maker; we have not put it to the test. The box that contains it is not more than two inches high, and the bonnet is not dearer than an ordinary one similarly trimmed."

FEARFUL CONSEQUENCES OF WEARING HOOPS.

The *Courrier de Lyons* contains the following: "Two evenings ago a young soldier, posted as sentinel in one of the principal squares of this city, was standing quietly with both his hands leaning on the muzzle of his musket, when two ladies at the moment passed close to him on the foot-pavement. The ample crinoline of one of them, distended by the breeze which was blowing at the time, and by the rapid pace at which the ladies were walking, caught in the lock of the gun, and in a moment it was out of the soldier's hands, and rapidly going along the pavement, attached to the lady's dress. It is difficult to say which of the two, the soldier or the lady, felt the most embarrassment at this singular incident." The *Salut Public* adds the following remarks: "The recital of our contemporary is in the main exact, but it errs in some details, which we are happy to be able to rectify. The true story is that the lady in question carried off with her crinoline, not a musket, but a 48-pounder. The lady, alarmed at this singular appendage to her dress, ran off at a rapid pace, dragging the piece of artillery after her. It was only at a distance of more than a mile from the artillery ground that the lady could be overtaken and stopped. She then fainted. Fearing that her emotion might be attended with serious consequences, the artillerymen carefully concealed from her that the gun which she had been dragging after her was loaded with grape."

BADLY COMBED LADIES.

Since the immense success which attended the invention of the word *Lorette*—a word designating a certain class of gay women of the higher rank of those who live maritally out of marriage—we have had a succession of words for the same class, all seeking the honors of notoriety. The last word, however, is the best. A blonde actress invented, a few months ago, a style of *coiffure* for the new Mary Stuart bonnets, which became a rage at once in the *Lorette* world. The hair of the forehead is cut short, commencing a few inches and gradually growing longer as it approaches the ear. All the hair of the side of the head, in front of the ears, thus shortened, is tied up over night in fine bands in threads, in such a way that when undone in the morning there appears on each side of the forehead an immense puff of open, ragged, wavy hair, filling completely the relief in the sides of the Mary Stuart bonnets. It has the air of being badly combed, and from this they derive the new designation—*les mal peignées*—("the badly combed.") At first sight you would say inevitably "there's a lady who has forgot to comb herself this morning." But all this disorder is the result of studied art; the evening's banding requires two hours of the most active hair-dresser's hands; it is but a refinement of pride, an exaggeration of vanity. The *mal peignées* are found almost exclusively among the blondes, because the more daylight that can be shown through the dry, frizzled puffs, the better. It is only the exaggeration of the disorder that is most *comme il faut*—in its kind. The night that Mademoiselle Duverger made her first appearance on the stage in the new *coiffure*, the entire clan of *mal peignées* were present to give *éclat* to the new fashion. For that evening there was a shower of bouquets and applause, but for that evening only. The following evenings there was a good deal more pommade and less applause. The word *mal peignées*, like *Lorette* and *demi-monde*, as applied to a certain class of women, has made its *entrée* into the French language.

DEATH FROM A FLY BITE.

The *Siècle* says: "A woman residing in the Rue Rochechouart was bitten a few days ago in the back of the neck by one of those large flies which feed on decayed meat, at this season of the year, and died the day before yesterday after most severe suffering, and in spite of the best medical attendance. It is supposed that the fly must have eaten carrion immediately before wounding the woman, and that the virus which it introduced into the wound quickly spread through the system."

PRUSSIA.

A VERY ODD NOTICE.

A Berlin letter of the 11th ult., says that the clerical authorities of that city have been informed of the period at which to offer up prayers for the happy delivery of Princess Frederick William. The Prince and Princess live in perfect seclusion, at the Prince of Prussia's pretty summer residence, Babelsburg, near Potsdam.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT.

Queen Victoria's visit to Berlin is to be strictly of a family character. Notice has been given that there are to be no *fêtes*, nor salutes, nor any of the usual demonstrations consequent upon the visit of the crowned head. The whole cause of the sudden change in the programme is unknown, and the uncertainty has caused serious alarms regarding the health of the Princess Frederick William.

ITALY.

WHO MAY GO TO NAPLES.

A gentleman from Boston, who is traveling in Europe, purposed visiting Naples, but was informed by those in authority that, his name appearing as one of the subscribers for the cannon presented to Sardinia from the citizens of Boston, he could not be permitted to "see Naples and die" in ecstasy of delight, as other strangers have been reported to do. All the gentleman's explanations and remonstrances were unavailing, and he was forced to go another way.

ANOTHER COMPULSORY CONVERSION.

The *Corriere Mercantile* publishes the following from Bologna: "On the 23d June a commissary of the Pontifical police of Bologna, accompanied by an escort of *gens d'armes*, claimed admittance into the house of M. Mortera, a Jew, and summoned him to give up one of his sons, named Edgar, to the Holy Inquisition. The surprise and consternation of the family may be imagined. It turned out, at length, that the youth had been secretly baptized through the manœuvres of a maid-servant staying in the house. The order was executed, and Edgar Mortera sent to the convent of St. Dominic, on the 24th, to the surprise of the whole town."

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

On the 1st of June an engagement took place between the Calpee rebels and the troops of Maharajah Scindia, near Gwalior. The right and left divisions of Scindia's force gave way, and joined the enemy. The centre composed of the Maharajah's body-guards, fought well, but was beaten with considerable loss. Scindia fled to Agra. The rebels had occupied the fort at Gwalior, but the English have since retaken it.

General Rose's brigade was half-way to Gwalior when the fall of the place was heard of. General Rose, from Calpee; Colonel Hicks, from Jhanse; and Brigadier Smith, from Sepree, were to meet before Gwalior on the 17th of June.

The rebels were in great force around Lucknow, and interrupting communications with Cawnpore.

Another dispatch says the people at Lucknow were beginning to come in.

In Rohilcund and the Doab all was quiet.

Sir Colin Campbell was about to join the Governor-General at Allahabad.

Disarming proceeds quietly on both sides of India. The disarmed Sepoy regiments in Bengal had been discharged in small parties. The Rajah of Ranaee's palace and town had been plundered by the rebels.

The rebel garrison of Humeapor, numbering 5000, with four guns, escaped pursuit.

SUFFERINGS FROM THE HEAT.

The *Times* Bombay correspondent says: "I do not often write of the weather, but it is at this moment the most important element in the campaign. For twenty years no such season has been known. The little rains fell a fortnight before their time, and then ceased; and the land is one huge steam bath. At Calpee the thermometer in tents is, 134 degrees; in Jugdespore it is 130 degrees; and in Lower Bengal, within the reach of the sea-breeze, it is 126. In Calcutta, in a house hermetically sealed against the light, and with the punka going, it stands steadily at 96 degrees. Sickness is all but universal. The small-pox is bursting out here and there, half the European community have fevers, and a moiety of the other half only escape the curse by an infliction which, though not unhealthy, is even more unbearable—innumerable boils. In Allahabad, out of one thousand six hundred Europeans, not nine hundred are fit for duty, and the number of deaths from 'apoplexy'—that is, sunstroke—exceeds the mortality from all other sources. In the midst of all this there are regiments in which the stock is maintained, and in which punkas paid for by government are forbidden. The Duke of Cambridge should stop all this by forbidding the stock in India at once—its use is optional, I believe—and compelling commanding officers to leave the punkas alone. The royal artillery, for instance, are losing men at the rate of 14 per cent. per annum exclusive of fighting casualties. Again, the men are now dressed in light-colored cotton cloth, capital stuff to resist the climate; but their heads are still unprotected. They receive, it is true, a white cover for their caps, but it is no protection, except so far as its color is concerned. Routine and the sun together are beating us, and I was told this morning, that with all the reinforcements and recruits sent out, we can not muster even now 26,000 effective Europeans. By October a third of them will be off duty, for though the soldiers do not get apoplexy in barracks, they do get liver complaint and low debilitating fevers."

A DIRTY BOX.

In Allen's *Indian Mail*, a writer dating from Lucknow, says: "Yesterday (April 27th), in a small corner, was discovered a dirty box, after an hour's digging, and when opened, behold a collection of rubies, diamonds, pearls, etc., of the value of 100,000 rupees! The soil of Lucknow is a mint of money."

CHINA.

FURTHER SUCCESSES OF THE EUROPEANS.

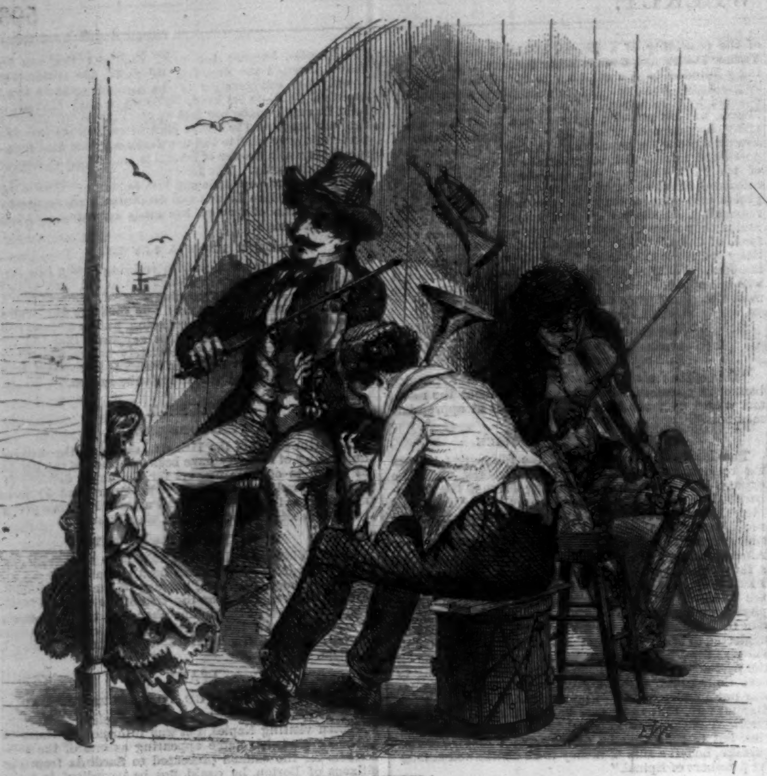
The fort at the mouth of the Peiho River, mounting 138 guns, and backed by a large body of troops, was attacked on the 20th of May by the English and French gunboats, and taken. The loss of the Allies was trifling. The Chinese stood to their guns very fairly.

On the 22d the forces commenced advancing up the river. The weather was cool, and the squadron in good health and spirits.

Six thousand French troops, originally destined for Cochin-China, are on their way to Pechelie.

From Canton information was that, on the 2d of June, an ineffectual attempt was made by the Allies to route the Chinese 'braves' on the mountains in the vicinity.

Nangpo was in possession of the rebels, and the English merchants had gone on board her Majesty's ship *Surprise*.



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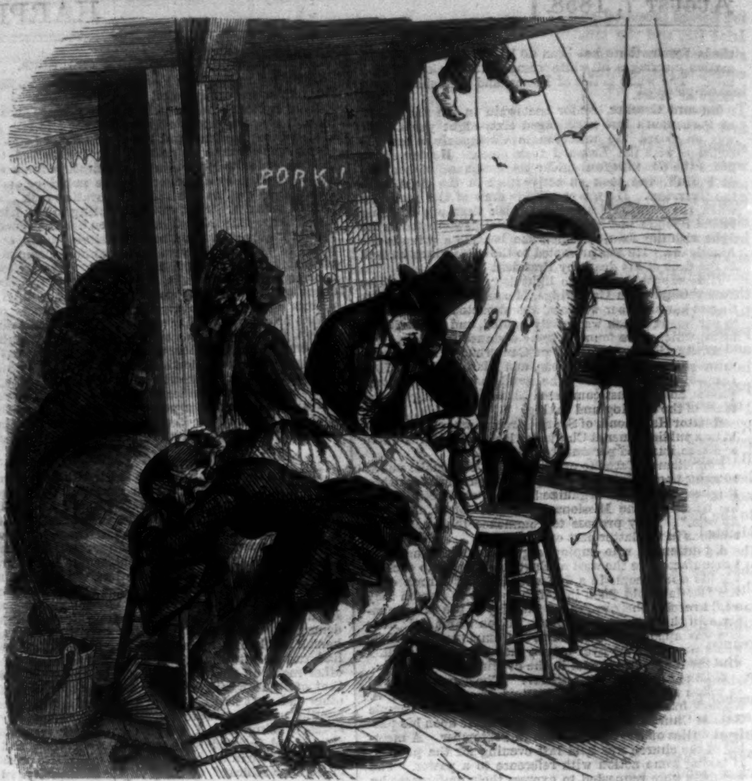


PASSING SANDY HOOK.

A TRIP TO THE FISHING BANKS.

"Now, boys, make the most of your time; and if you'll let an old feller give advice, get as much salt sea-air as you can!"

Thus old Beeswax, as he sent us off—Bart (short for Bartholomew) and myself—junior clerks in the house of Beeswax & Co., Grocers. Ten clear days we had before us—salary paid in advance, together with a modest *douceur*, timidly thrust into our open hands (as though it was a thing to blush at) by the jovial, red-faced, but grim head of the house of Beeswax & Co.

Fierce and angry were the debates we had that night in the little attic room we shared in Brooklyn. Bart was for going to Connecticut, where—selfish brute!—his family lived. My idea was to take the route through Jersey, and spend a day—or two—at Princeton, where my mother's farm was. But neither of us convincing the other, we agreed to devote the next day—Tuesday—to an excursion on the fishing banks in the "splendid fast-going steamer" *Tear-an-Ages*, which was advertised to leave at nine A.M., precisely. I trust the honest readers of this periodical will believe me when I say that we came to this conclusion without the least reference to an arrangement which had been made some days before, in virtue of which Mrs. O'Brien and her three lovely but slightly Irish daughters had promised to honor the *Tear-an-Ages* with their company.

The day was undoubtedly fine. As Peggy O'Brien observed, "it *bleuew* some;" but when one has such charming ankles as Peggy's, a bluff norwester is not to be frowned down. There was Peggy with your humble servant; Molly with poor Bart—he is not five feet six, and she is near six feet, and a monstrous fine woman; Kitty with her beau, Terence O'Grady, a member of a fire company (if he has any other calling he keeps it a secret); and old Mother O'Brien, a "jule of a crathur," as she says herself, "barrin' a cast in her left eye," she brought up the rear with Pat Flannigan, a retired shipping-agent, who is a good fellow to have on such occasions—he is so uncommon free and friendly with the police.

We were on the wharf, looking round every where for the "splendid and fast-going steamer," when up stepped a policeman to Pat.

"Why, Pat, my boy," said he, "are you out already?"

"Whisht!" answered Pat; "don't ye see?" and turning to me, he added, "He's surprised to see me out of the house, after the way I hurted me knee."

"Oh!" said I, "indeed!" Not having heard of the accident to Mr. Patrick's knee, I took less interest in the incident than Mother O'B., who was much concerned, and the policeman, who seemed to enjoy the joke (whatever it was) mightily.

We discovered the steamer, after a while, nestling under lee of the dock, with nothing but her smoke-pipe visible; and though she may have been splendid and fast-going, we agreed that she was not large or imposing. It was a trial to Mrs. O'B., who is large—very large—to descend the abruptly-inclined plane leading to the deck; but she accomplished it, mainly through my civility. I received her and her lovely daughters as they were shot down from above. We made fast sundry fishing-lines to the railing round the deck, by way of taking legal possession; and Peggy and I having secured a shady nook, we waited in patience an arrival on the banks.

The crowd had poured in upon us. There were a number of modest-looking ladies, in respect to whom the captain (a friend of mine) observed that he couldn't help it; they would come; but he hoped they wouldn't inconvenience my party; and also a number of ladies who did not appear particularly subdued, but in whom I recognized the wives and sisters of people whom I knew—at least by sight. There were a few men whose faces I recognized; I had seen their portraits in the gallery of Mr. Daniel Carpenter, a very practical lover of the arts. And there were quite a number of foreigners, speaking all manner of unknown tongues, smoking preposterous pipes, and appearing as I—an inveterate Know-Nothing—was forced to confess, rather more gentlemanly than my fellow-countrymen. Here and there Peggy, who is very sentimental, drew my attention to a couple who, like ourselves, seemed to be desirous of seeking solitude in the throng; who had evidently come on the excursion in order to get away from the people they knew, and who seemed perfectly happy and alone in the midst of a throng of strangers.

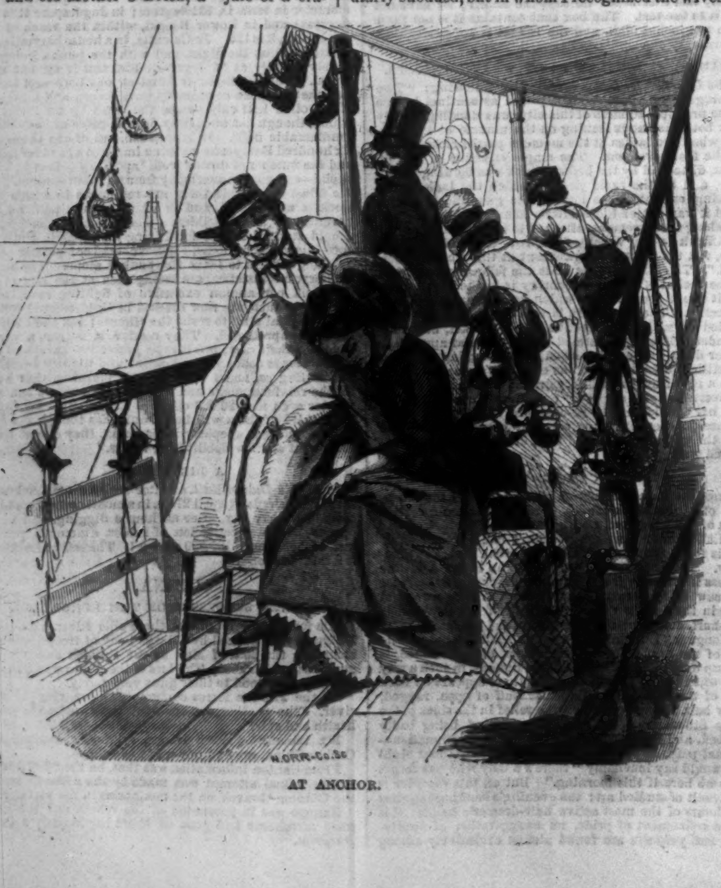
We are off! The "band," in reference to which the advertisements and handbills promised so much, proves to be three hypochondriacal musicians with wheezy instruments, who seem prepared for any thing. To judge from their faces, it would be impossible to say whether they were on their way to the Penitentiary or to the Arctic regions—so imperturbably miserable and resigned do their countenances appear. We are off! Heavy flakes of sooty substance, which burn through shawls and capes, fall in clouds; poor Peggy's white shoulder has been laid bare by a traitorous spark, and the hole (confound it!) is not large enough to administer consolation after the manner of children. Off! The dull, feverish-looking shore of Long Island, on one side, with houses scattered at rare intervals; on the other, first, the marshy-looking Jersey flats, and beyond, the slowly ascending heights of Staten Island, with the hospitals nestling in the hill shade; behind us, Fort William, resting in a background of city houses, shipping, and steamers; in front the Narrows, speckled with white sails: yes, we are off—no doubt of it. The hypochondriacal musicians are tuning (!!) their wheezy instruments; the loving couples are snuggling into shady corners; crinoline is undergoing fearful compression, and hoops are illustrating, by a series of strictly mathematical conic sections, the perils of crowds and the latest fashions in pantalets; a gentle motion of the cranky *Tear-an-Ages* is producing uncomfortable effects among some of the passengers. We are off in earnest!

As we glide through the Narrows and approach the mouth of the Lower Bay, we encounter the rolling swell which never fails to mark that spot, and by which, I am told, captains have ascertained in a fog in calm weather where they were. Now appears on the deck a weather-beaten, strong-nerved man with a pail and a swab. His office, in mercy to the reader, I shall not mention. But I submit to the charitable whether it was decent for this miscreant to approach people who had seen him in the discharge of the duties of his office, and who were wavering between sea-worthiness and sea-sickness, and to ask them with a sardonic grin:

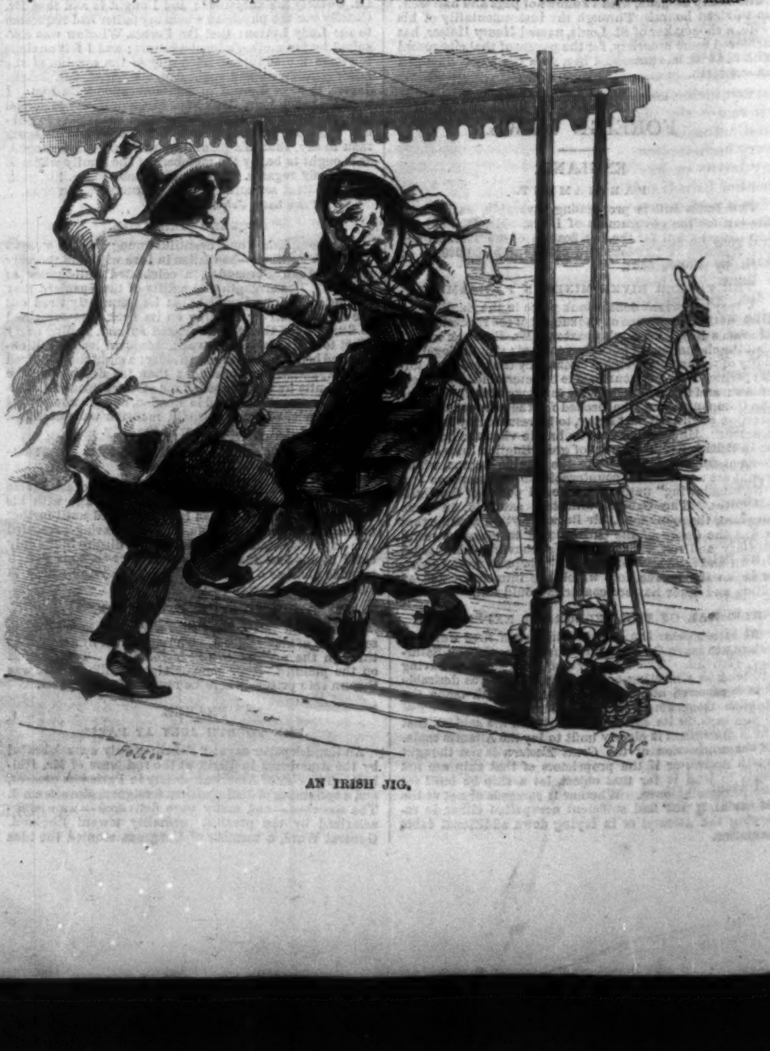
"Any body want me here?"

I could have assassinated the fellow.

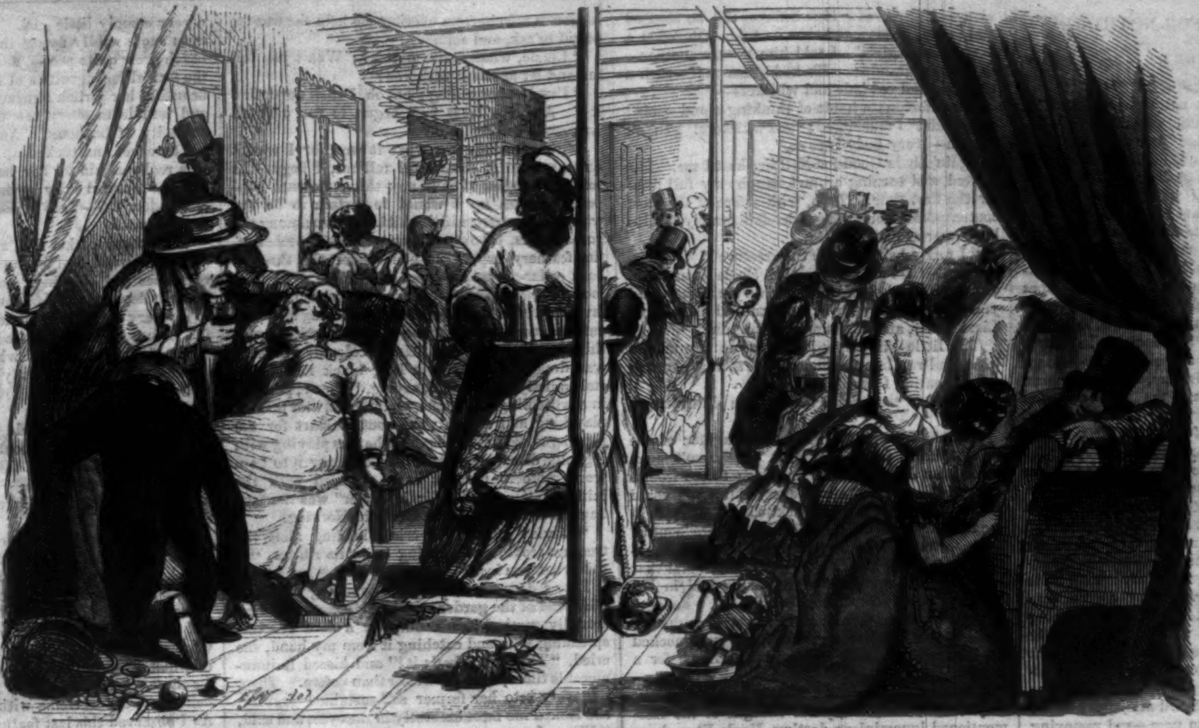
Presently, while we are half-sorrowing, half-laughing at the tributes which are paid successively to Neptune by old Mrs. O'Brien and her friend Pat—both of whom are clamorous for whisky, and who declare that they might be "drownded this minnit" without being sorry for it—the miserable hypochondriacs I have mentioned strike up a polka, and one half the passengers begin to dance despairingly. The girls take their hats off—a wise precaution, as otherwise, leaning their heads against their partners, as they do, to steady themselves, they would infallibly spoil flowers, ribbons, and gauze—the men go into the sport with reckless ardor. It was so hot that Peggy and I had the fan incessantly in use; but these frantic creatures whirled round and round, tumbling over stools, fishing-lines, bags, prostrate invalids, and each other, resolutely bent on defying sea-sickness by inordinate exertion. After the polka some fiend-



AT ANCHOR.



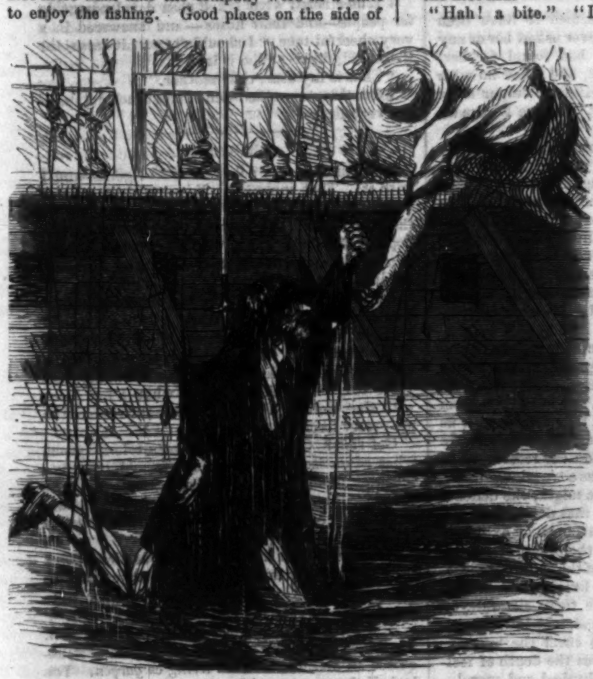
AN IRISH JIG.



LEMONADE, OR ICE-WATER?

ish person proposed an Irish jig, and the musicians forthwith proceeded to perform that insane piece of music. To our amazement, the first two persons who sprang to the deck were Mother O'Brien and Pat O'Flannigan. Scarce ten minutes had elapsed since both were in the agonies of seasickness, and were imploring their friends to throw them overboard; to see them now, capering, and jumping, and going through an insane pantomime of passion and coquetry, you would have supposed that they were possessed of devils. Bart and Molly vainly besought the old lady not to expose herself to the jeers of "an unidicated rabble;" but the old dame protested that she must jig for the love of "ould Ireland," and jig she certainly did with a vengeance.

But we are at the Fishing Banks. The anchor is down. The swell is heavy, and Stiggs, the Englishman, whose stupid jokes render him a general nuisance, remarked that "the heavy swells" were feeling it. Not more than half the company were in a state to enjoy the fishing. Good places on the side of the boat, which had been secured by early comers, were sold at premiums ranging from a cigar to "drinks all round." Presently a fish is caught. It is a miserable little object, about four inches long, but it rouses the piscatorial enthusiasm to the very highest pitch. Peggy insists on having her line baited, and watches it with severe intentness. There is a general roar for hooks, for bait, for room, for fresh lines. To hear the din, you might imagine we were in a school of mackerel. Nobody is satisfied. Every body has forgotten something, and promises himself to come back "next week" properly fitted out. Another fish; this time a decided bass, about six inches long—an inexperienced youngling who knew no better. The captor is a very lively young lady on the promenade deck. Excitement of a more intense character than any thing yet experienced pervades the assemblage. People—men and women—on the promenade deck, lean over, and the ladies' dresses form a sort of awning for us who have chosen seats below. Bets are made on "the first fish."

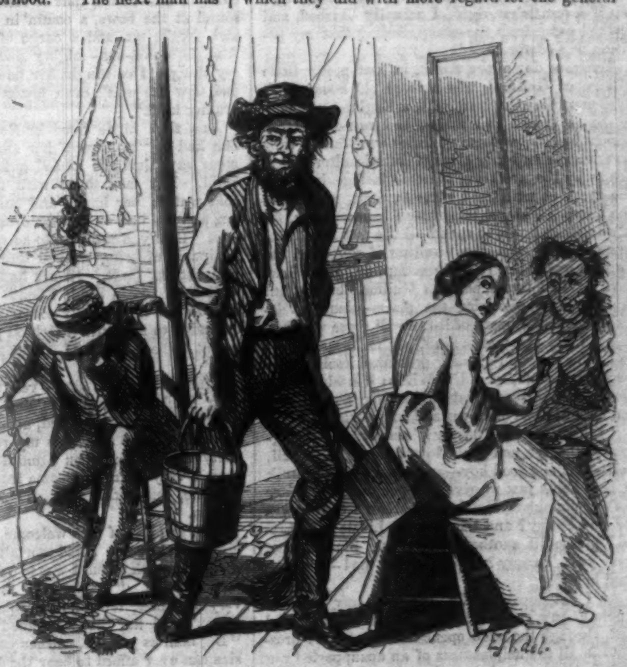


A SHARK!

"Hah! a bite." "I have him." "No, you haven't." "Pull him up!" "Confound him! he's got my bait."—"Another bass!"—"Jones, you're foul of my line!" "It's your fault!" "I say it's yours!"—"Waiter, more bait!" "Boy, bring two drinks—brandy!" "Molly, darlin', sit on me knee!" "Any body want me here?" "A splendid bite, by Jove!"—"Hush! the fish won't bite." "Harry, dear, I'd like to lie down." "Have a sandwich?"

In the midst of which din and clatter a heavy splash is heard, and word goes round that a man is overboard. It is even so; in his attempt to catch a fish, our unfortunate friend Bart has thrown himself into the water. Every body throws something to him. It is miraculous that he is not brained by the friendly missiles. He seizes a dozen fishing-lines, is caught in various parts of the body by as many more, and is thus sustained safely while the boat is being lowered. Meanwhile some wicked person observes that he hopes there are no sharks in the neighborhood. His next neighbor repeats hastily that "there are sharks in the neighborhood." The next man has it that "a shark has been seen," and poor Molly screams frantically to take care of "the shark." Bart, insane with terror, shouts, "Help! help! a shark! I feel him!" The tumult now passes description.

"Strike out, and he won't bite you!" "Throw him a knife!"—"Where's the boat?" "Is he to be murdered before our eyes?" And on this suggestion two or three furious passengers demand the captain, and draw knives to avenge the supposed homicide.



ANY BODY WANT ME HERE?

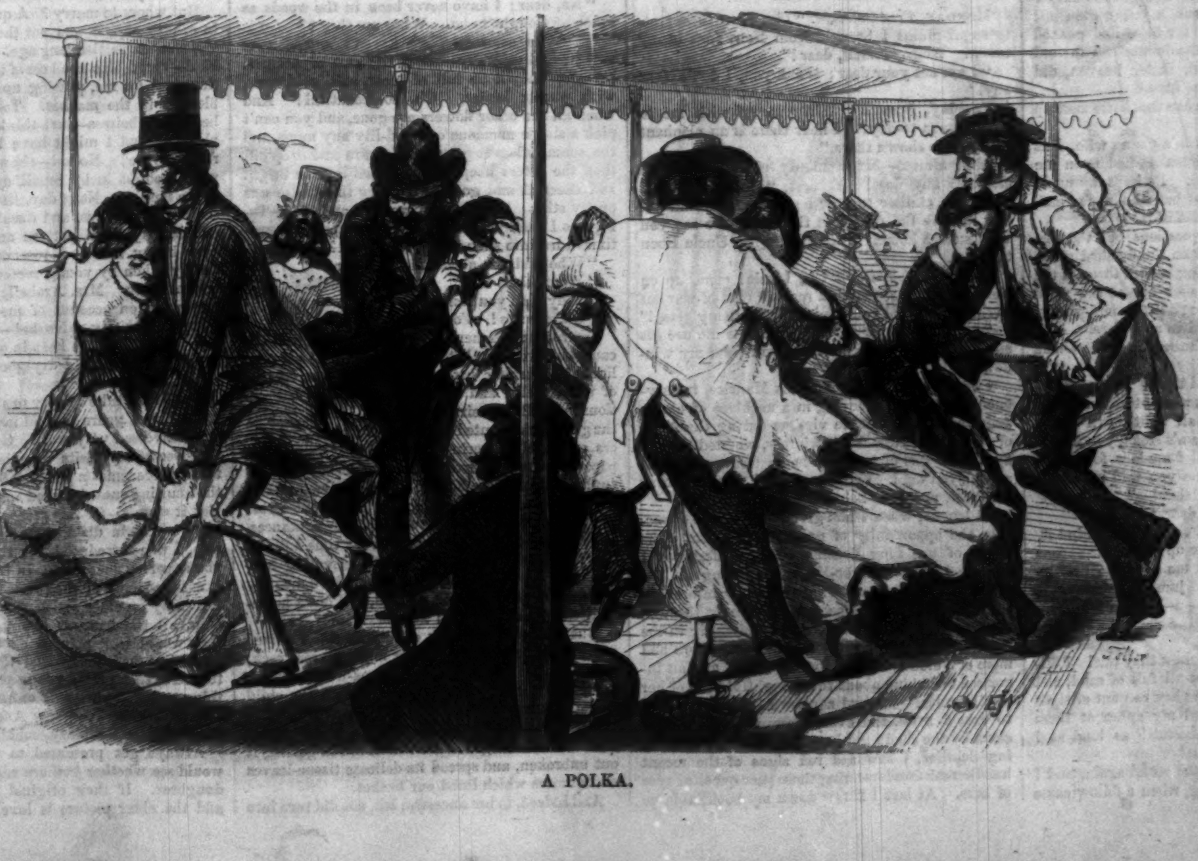
If the boat had been a few minntes later in reaching poor Bart, he would have sunk from terror. No assurances after his rescue would convince him that he had not felt the cold, slimy nose of the shark snuffing him, as a preliminary to a bite. He lay down on the deck, feeling satisfied that he had escaped death by a miracle, and resolving to improve the occasion by amending his ways.

This little incident damped the ardor of the fishermen and fisherwomen, and the day being far advanced, no objection was made when orders were given to weigh anchor for New York. Two hundred people had caught some twenty-five little fish. All were sunburned, and pretty tired. When the musicians, who had not fished, but who, to do them justice, had exhibited a remarkable degree of spirit in drinking with every one who invited them, struck up a lively polka, there was hardly a couple capable of dancing to the measure.

Several members of the party were quietly snoozing; the lovers using each other's shoulders in guise of pillows. Some had consumed so many drinks to keep off seasickness, that they were lying unconscious in stray corners. Many had grown talkative and quarrelsome. Several times on the way home, the deck hands were summoned to quell a fierce fray among the male passengers; which they did with more regard for the general peace of the boat than for the heads of the brawlers. I confess I did not regret those little passes of arms. In the first place, the combatants were evidently all nuisances, and I admired the unerring justice which made them punish each other. Next, it was gratifying to see the skill and accuracy with which the experienced deck hands cracked the skulls of the most pugnacious, and how suddenly they became submissive and calm. Last of all, these fights had the effect of compelling Peggy to shrink closer to me. How I longed for an opportunity of showing her how I could do battle in her defense!

It was dark when we reached home. The landing was tumultuous; several members of the fishing party were landed on trucks like freight, and shot down on the wharf. The day ended, in short, sulkily.

We have come to the conclusion that a trip to the fishing banks on board a splendid and fast-going steamer may be an experience worth trying once, but it should not be repeated.



A POLKA.

LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

CHAPTER I.

"Hare-ware-frow-nac, haligo-baligo-we-wo-wac!"

"Wac" certainly was not a pretty child. I doubt whether her own mother would have called her so, as, with every distinct hair of all her light-brown head streaming in a different direction, she stood with two other little girls of her own age on the sidewalk, with a small stubby finger pressed against her breast to indicate the fact of her being "*out*" in the proposed game of tag. An immense gingham sun-bonnet, all mussed and flattened, hung back upon her shoulders, like the very ill-used top of a Jersey wagon, by two stringy tapes knotted upon her throat, and out of this background protruded a face for which nature had done almost nothing, and soap hardly any more. Yet not a face constitutionally fond of being dirty—rather one which sacrificed spotlessness, for the moment, as an inferior consideration to the healthy ones of making clay-pies, and playing in utter Arab freedom among the elements of earth and air. A face as yet unformed, with a nose too small by far for the rest of the face, and therefore making the face a puzzle to physiognomists—for the nose is the grand index of all character, and before that is developed, the face-student is actually at sea. The nose is the gnomon of our human dial; it tells our time of life, and according to its indication of progress are we old or young in mind. This little girl, by witness of nose, was younger even than her stature—one who might hereafter be any thing or nothing—as yet, people would be wise to offer no opinion of her. I was unwise and did. I thought aloud, and muttered—"Poor child, you are frightfully ugly!"

Little Good-for-Nothing heard me—quick of ear she was, if not decided as to nose—and removing her finger from her breast, put her arms akimbo, looked me full in the eyes, and replied, composedly, "Thank you—you're polite—*you're another!*"

I confess myself nonplussed at the exceeding self-possession of this rejoinder. It is long ago, but if I remember right, I actually blushed, and walked away from the group, feeling that my position was compromised.

Ten rods down the street, in that pretty little village of Guilford, was a large old house, with even more than the average New England tendency to be all green and white, and run entirely to windows. Yet if these qualities were faults, they were most charitably cloaked from desultory wayfarers by the profusion of noble leafage in which the great summer-clad elms exulted, all around the house. Toward this house I bent my way, for it was there I was to spend all the hot months to come, and it was the dwelling of my good old Yankee uncle, the retired sea-captain, Eben Sawyer. I had never been in Guilford before, but there was no mistaking the place—plenty of descriptions had I heard of it from all those who had enjoyed the old man's bluff, blithe hospitality—and a more certain identity presented itself in the very perceptible fact of Uncle Eben himself, taking his sixth after-breakfast pipe on the front stoop, amidst a nimbus of leaves and smoke-clouds.

"What cheer, my hearty?" shouted that benignant personage, as I pushed back the gate. Well, well—that *is* a good boy—come to see the old hulk at last, heh? just to give one peep at her before she's condemned! How're ye? How's your mother? and Fanny? and the boys? Lizzie! ho, Lizzie! please fill another pipe, dear. Smoke pipe, don't you, Tommy? Yes? Ha! ha!—right—good boy!"

As I sat down on the step, with my hand on Uncle Eben's knee, and looked clear into the broad hall, through the wide opened door-way, lo! prostrate in all the helplessness of an unsupported rag constitution, sprawled an immense doll, its inked eyes staring upward to the ceiling, and a cravat of the old gentleman's pinned about its neck for a kerchief. I gazed at Uncle Eben in astonishment. All his hale children had long ago got too old for that sort of thing—all but one, a young man just married and keeping house for him, had pushed away their fortunes from the homestead toward the setting sun—where then, under heaven, did that image of child-play come from?

"Lizzie! Lizzie! Where can that little madcap be? Another pipe, dear!"

Lizzie! Oh, probably his son's young wife. But the doll? A dreadful suspicion flashed upon me in connection with the cravat. Perhaps my uncle had reached his dotage, kept baby-house for pastime, and they had not told me of it!

Just then—solving all questions but the one where she belonged—fresh from the finished game of tag, Little Good-for-Nothing rushed through the gate. Exactly as when I met her at the word "Wac!" her hair perhaps flying a little more wildly, her sun-bonnet on her shoulders as before. And, without noticing me, she climbed up on to Uncle Eben's knee.

"Oh, I've had such a good time! There was I—that's one—and Mary Pratt makes two, and Sally Sedgewick's three—and we all went down to the sand-hills on the road to Sachem's Head, you know. Then I piled up the sand till I made a fort, with batterments, just like the one you told me about that they had at Governor's Island—"

"Battlements you mean, dear."

"Yes, battlements. And then I got behind it, and the other girls they came up with their aprons full of sand, and fired it at me over the top—to storm me, you know. Then I jumped up and came around on them, and made a—a—what did I make, grandpa?"

"A sortie, was it?"

"Oh yes—a sortie. My! how they ran! I filled my sun-bonnet six times all full of sand, and threw it at them; and when they ran out of sight behind some cedars, I waved my apron at them from the fort, and said, 'Hurrah!' as loud as I could scream. Oh, what fun!

"Then we came up into the street again, and I was just counting out for tag, when a fellow came along—I never saw him before—and he stopped and looked at me; and then he said, 'Oh, what a homely little girl!' I told him he was another—so he was, grandpa. He had—dear me!—such a big nose, and red hair and whiskers—"

My unfortunate habit of thinking aloud again! "Red hair!" I murmured; "red whiskers! Pshaw! auburn—every body says so."

Again Little Good-for-Nothing heard me. She started, and turning around, caught my full front for the first time. Then, with a face of the most contemptuous compassion, she deliberately leveled her finger at me, and said,

"I really believe *that's* the creature!"

"Ha! ha! Tommy," laughed Uncle Eben; "did you say that? Really, it was very naughty, and you must be sorry for it. Go and fill him a pipe, Lizzie, dear, and he'll never do it again."

The little girl slipped down from my uncle's knee, and ran into the house. As soon as she was out of hearing I asked,

"Who is that child, and where did you get her?"

"That, Tommy, is the grand-daughter of the first captain I ever sailed with. He wasn't much older than I was, but he had been to sea from a boy, and knew just about every thing you could know about sailing, from truck to keel. He taught me all I ever learned; and being we were 'bout of an age, we got to love one another just like brothers. He died a month ago—poor Bill!—and that baby and his quadrant were all he had in the world to leave me to remember him by. So, says I, 'just hand 'em over, and if I ever let either of 'em get rusty before my stanchions get knocked in, then rig me ketch fashion, and sell me for a lighter.'"

Whether as a delicate tribute to his deceased shipmate, or affected by the thought of the last-mentioned ignominious destiny, Uncle Eben drew his bandana across the upper part of his face, and then went on:

"And she's a comfort—a great comfort. It's so long since we've had any thing like the laugh of a child in this house, that it seems as good as the sound at the bows, a comin' in with a stiff trade and skys'ls set, and a cargo of sugar on board. And she's sma-art—mighty sma-art. Learns every thing. I've taught her how to splice and tie, and now she won't even fasten her shoes with a granny knot."

Just then Little Good-for-Nothing came back. She had so "improved" her absence, as the sermons say, that she looked quite like a decorous child. Her face shone with the application of cold water; her hands and hair had been cared for, and she had on a clean dress and pair of gaiters. Really, a child not to be ashamed of, though incapable of being washed into prettiness, which was not her fault. In her hand she held a pipe well loaded with Uncle Eben's best Spanish, and this, in the most coldly-ceremonious manner, she extended to me, with a lighted paper, as one who meant to be understood, "Out of mere politeness, Sir."

After sitting out one—yes, two—three pipes with Uncle Eben, my baggage, whose coming I had impatiently forestalled, arrived from Guilford Station. I was shown to my room, changed my dusty clothes, and then came down to dinner, to meet a very hearty welcome from my cousin and his wife, just returned from "shopping" at New Haven.

But, in spite of this welcome, I could not help being ill at ease. I had mortally offended one of the people with whom I was to pass my whole summer vacation. "Oh pshaw!" said Pride, "such a very little one; it's of no consequence in the least." "Don't tell me that," rejoined Native Instinct. "Big man as you are, neither you nor any of your size can ever afford to bear the dislike of a quick-sighted, earnest little child-mind." I determined I would propitiate Little Good-for-Nothing.

CHAPTER II.

Monday, *First Overture*. "Lizzie, see these pretty sugar-plums I brought from New York in my trunk. Help yourself, dear!"

"I am not your dear; thank you, I don't want any."

Tuesday, *Second*. "Will you go with me to New Haven to-day? I hear there is an elephant going to be shown there."

Aha! almost—but womanly pique against an elephant any day! At first, "Oh, how nice!" then in a chillier tone, "I guess you would not like to have the people at the elephant's see you with such a homely little girl!" So Uncle Eben took her.

Wednesday, *Third*, "Oh, Lizzie! come up on the roof with me, there's a real big man-of-war out in the Sound, and you can look through my glass!"

"Thank you, Sir; Uncle Eben lets me use his spy-glass, and I can see very well from my window."

I began to despair. Thomas Maurice, twenty-one years of age, glorying in a necklace of hearts acquired from feminine victims during the foray of two whole New York winters, worsted utterly by a little girl of ten who made terraqueous pies and played tag! Verily a shame! But so far as manifest, not to be helped.

At length, when I had given up all hope of success, the opportunity of propitiation came. The whole of one long dreamy summer afternoon I noticed Little Good-for-Nothing hunting all the corners of the house, diving resolutely into every out of the way place, peering anxiously through the big rose-bushes, and feeling assiduously in the tall grass along the garden fence, with more and more of a cloud settling upon her eyes, and an increased twitching about the thoughtful lines of her small mouth. Toward sundown the cloud began to rain a little, and every now and then as she came by the shady garden-seat where I was reading Schiller, I saw sad red signs of the recent handkerchief underscoring those poor questful eyes of hers. At last I threw down my book, able no longer to refrain from offering the help she was too proud to ask, and said,

"Lizzie, what is the matter? Won't you tell me and let me hunt with you?"

"I've lost something; but oh, I shall never find it!" And the tears now began to run over all barriers of self-restraint.

Without asking her what it was, for I wasn't quite sure that she would tell me, I began the search, satisfied that if any thing unusual happened to turn up it would be certain to be the waif of this strange little child. Down among the gooseberries, between the mimic forest arches of the feathery asparagus plot, under the thrown-back cellar-doors, I pressed and peered. At last, looking toward the lower end of the garden, I saw a favorite kitten of Little Good-for-Nothing's, apparently amused to the degree of ecstasy with something small, round, and maroon-colored, which he was dragging about by a long black ribbon. I stole quietly toward him, saying, "Pussy, pussy!" in a wheedling undertone, and nabbed him just as, plaything and all, he was about to start for the asparagus shelter. The thing he was playing with I gently disengaged from him, and saw it to be a worn morocco portrait case, stamped with the initials L. C. And "Lizzie Carter" was the true baptismal name of Little Good-for-Nothing.

"Lizzie! Lizzie!" I cried, holding aloft the treasure-trove, and shaking it by its ribbon, "is this what you lost?"

Like a deer the child came bounding from the other end of the garden, the homeliness of her face actually washed into beauty by a flood of over-spreading joy; and catching it from my hand, she cried, "That's it! that's it!" and kissed it innumerable times, her eyes wetter than before. Then, relapsing into her former self-sustained gravity, she looked me most earnestly in the eyes, and said, "When I say my prayers, I will put you next to grandpa." She thrust the case into the breast of her little white frock, and went away. When we met at tea, I saw it had been to cry a little more, in her own room.

From that day rapport seemed to have been established between us. I never asked her or any body what the thing was I had found for her. She avoided speaking about it, and I had no wish to intrude on her privacy. It is a vulgar error that children have no privacy. I hope I have always known better.

Little Good-for-Nothing grew to respect—to like me. By degrees, when she jumped rope, I was permitted to be auxiliary engine to Mary Pratt, who held the other end. She told me as well as Uncle Eben where she had been foresting, and confided to me the secret of nice little places for dams along the meadow brook. And she let me go out with her on some of her excursions, holding me by the hand, more to guide me than be guided. At last she capped the climax by kissing me good-night.

One morning, toward the middle of July, I proposed to her that we should go down together on foot to Sachem's Head, the watering-place situated pleasantly on the Sound shore, two miles or so from Guilford village. We would take dinner with us in a little basket, and fill its empty room afterward with sea-weed to be pressed on our return. The idea pleased the child; she was a true daughter of the sea, and loved, as well she might, the delicate flowers of the brine, which at that delightful margin lavish their mermaid-garlands of exquisite pink and green and silver on the breast of the receding tide and the foreheads of the enduring rocks.

So, gayly in the face of the bracing salt breeze, we tripped our way along the turfy sidewalk of the sandy road toward the Head, and Little Good-for-Nothing talked blithely to cheer the journey. Really it was astonishing to see the depth of feeling, the quick-sightedness—physical and moral—of this child—a bluff captain's grand-daughter, another bluff captain's protégé.

"Do you know what those plants are, with nothing now but straight green stalks and leaves?"

"No, dear; I have never been in the woods as much as I ought to be. What are they?"

"They're asters. They haven't any flowers now; but by-and-by—about the end of August, perhaps—they'll be full of great, soft, gold eyes, with purple lashes. Oh, so beautiful! And when all the other flowers are gone, and you can't pick a single anemone or wood-lily any more, and the sumach leaves get as red as fire and drop off, then the asters keep right on, and look as bright and cheerful and good as if every thing else was pretty still. I shall die by-and-by, and then—I—I guess I shall be an aster! Don't people sometimes turn into such things afterward?"

"Who told you about all this, dear?"

"My mother, Sir."

"Why, can you remember her?"

"Oh, always! Forever!"

We reached Sachem's Head. Passing down the causeway from the hotel to the beach we met the line of returning bathers, each with his epaulet of wet towels; and bluefishermen, some ostentatiously holding their open basket low to display the good luck granted by Father Neptune, and others speciously covering theirs with strong brown paper, probably to avoid the decomposing effect of sunlight upon three hundred yards of line and two extra squids. Among them, as they fared across the hot stretch, I saw several old acquaintances, and stopped to shake hands. Every time I did so the little girl at my side winced, retreating half behind me. She evidently still felt delicately upon the subject of having it said, "What a homely little girl that is with Tom Maurice!"

But any such shadow of apprehension passed away as, after our little dinner under a great rock, we began the pleasant work of sea-weed hunting along the shore. Every now and then the child called to me with some new delight over a flaky fan of silver-dappled pink or purple, and actually beamed with delight as we succeeded in getting it out unbroken, and spread its delicate tissue-leaves on the moss which lined our basket.

And indeed, in her ancestral sea, she did turn into a very comely little girl. The light-brown hair, even more wildly flying than ever before, on the beach grew quite poetic, no longer compared with the formal incongruities of town. Very lithe and beautiful her girlish figure seemed, all uncramped and flexible to every new thought of pleasure or necessity of business. And as she waded, with her bare feet and tucked-up frock, so far out that I was really afraid for her, her soft rosy legs—their muscles rounded fully by the never-ceasing spring of out-door life—were graceful as those of Venus Anadyomené.

We had our basket full, and grew a little tired. So we returned to the cranny where we had left our shoes and stockings, and put them on again, then sat down to rest. I must have dozed a while in my very comfortable niche of our strong shelter, for, before I knew it, Little Good-for-Nothing had gone a few paces off, and when I looked for her, I saw she was gazing intently at something she held in her hands. Rising, I found it was the old morocco case, now opened.

"Lizzie," said I, "would you like to go home?"

She started, seemed about to put back the case into her little bosom, and then, changing her mind, came gravely toward me.

"Do you think I shall ever look like *that?*" said she.

I took into my hand the extended portrait. It was an exquisitely beautiful woman. Her hair, a rich silky brown, brought low upon her neck, and fastening behind in a knot of velvet ribbons, whose ends waved forward. Her eyes large, soulful, and clear hazel. Her mouth small and somewhat grave, tender and passionate, but not indiscriminately so, only full of good prayers and kisses for those whom she loved. Her nose regular and delicate to the extreme with tact and sensibility. As I observed this last feature, and glanced at the corresponding one on the face of Little Good-for-Nothing, I felt puzzled for an answer.

She repeated eagerly again, "Shall *I* ever grow like that, do you think?"

I remembered what I had seen development do for people—and their noses—and answered in a very cheerful tone, "I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you did, dear. Who is it?"

"That is my *dear, dear* mother."

After this we walked home, hand in hand, saying very little.

CHAPTER III.

The summer at Uncle Eben's had gone—and I with it. That summer? Yes—and half a dozen besides. They had been spent diversely—one of them in the Adirondacs—two or three more in the hop-and-skip ballet life of vibrations between Saratoga and Newport—and twice I had seen, tasted, smelled, been soaked in (though, thank Heaven and a moral training, not "cleaned out" in) Baden. From a love of variety, perhaps, I had not smoked a single pipe under the Yankee elms of Uncle Eben in all that time. One morning, to my utter astonishment, I awoke to find myself twenty-nine years old. And the question, what I had done with that well-nigh score and a half, recurred to me pretty forcibly.

Got rich? Oh—as the world goes, tolerably—on what advertisements call "a safe and lucrative business," and there had been no panics. Seen the world? Dear me! down to the raveling ends! Been happy? Oh—so, so. Married? *Du tout, du tout.*

It was this last branch of the question which seemed to occupy my large circle of acquaintanceship most of all. Natural. Some of them were daughters—most of the rest had daughters.

And I confess it occupied me almost as much. I had never, even by my long experience of it, acquired an absolute love for living *en garçon*. You had all the expense without any of the comforts of a home; and there was something exceedingly cheerless and shiftless in the idea of growing old at a fireside you paid a family not your own to warm for you.

But whom to marry? A question which, I must in candor say, it was not the fault of my friends if it was not settled long ago. No—they were very kind—very. To the best of their ability they auctioneered for me, putting up the very most salable lots in the market. To-day it was Miss Rebecca, sole heiress—just think on't—to old Mount-pleasant, and I might have her at an absolutely ruinous rate! No bid—showy but wouldn't wear well; bought in by Smallboys, a waltzing friend of the family. Next day, little Pattie Blossom—sensitive, religious, and durable. Again no offer; exceedingly plain pattern and encumbered by a very heavy mother—reserved for private sale; finally taken by young rector, somewhere up the North River. Mrs. Arabella Meiggs next; very easy price on account of first owner having left town indefinitely. No bid—second-hand article, and very difficult to keep in order—knocked down subsequently to mild dry-goods merchant—terms ruinous to buyer.

Once I did take a fancy to a young person—some half a dozen years my junior, who sang, danced, and conversed very well. Gradually I increased the dose of my visits to calls of two hours' size, taken three times a week, late after dinner. Then the knowing ones chuckled and said it was a match. But it wasn't—for this reason. After matters had gone a certain distance toward the irredeemable step, I was introduced, for the first time, to this young person's mother. In that mother I saw the exact fac-simile of the present fresh picture—only drawn by an elder artist. The same nose, mouth, chin, all the features of my adorable Annie, as they would look painted on the canvas of 187–. And time had vulgarized them—decidedly! I turned to that pretty young person—fancied every thing exhaled that was exhalable by years—and instead of her being *my* Annie, she was a very commonplace, ordinary, middle-aged woman.

Always get presented to the mother, if you would see whether you are really in love with the daughter. If their original sketch is the same, and the elder picture is lovely with that beauty that many summers only mellow—take home the younger portrait. If it is otherwise—do as you choose.

But at last—thoroughly sick of being speculated about—and anxious of being settled upon some one—almost any one—I yielded to the entreaties of my married lady friend, Mrs. Fixitalle, and consented to be shown an entirely new selection.

We were to meet at Mrs. Fixitalle's. Neither of us, of course, were to know that the other one was invited. Altogether, a most delightful surprise. We were to be very civil to one another the first time—nothing more. I asked Smallboys if he understood how that should be done. And his view of the case was that you must not swear before the lady or drink more than two bottles of Champagne. After that, the programme in Mrs. Fixitalle's mind was delightfully gradual and circuitous, but certain.

As per large bill, I met Grace Denham. Certainly she was very beautiful—one of the *most* beautiful brunettes, I think, that I have ever seen. And she received my introduction with such delicious naiveté and freedom from embarrassment that I half believed she really had never heard of me. She was tall, graceful, and retiring without hauteur—most rare accomplishment in a brunette. Before the last German I was as near that pleasant state of submission known as being over head and ears in love as I had been for ten years.

From that night every thing went on precisely to the taste of Mrs. Fixitalle. Miss Denham and I rode, walked, and talked a great deal together. By a strange coincidence we were invited to nearly all the same parties. By another strange one, we formed parts of the same picnic excursions. Yet I could hardly say that all this time I was becoming better acquainted with her. Perhaps the life which both of us had led, from the very opening of youth, in fashionable society, had not been favorable to the nurture of that character which takes off its mask, and says, "Here is the *real* I!" And very frequently, as I looked at her, and said to myself, "There is the woman whom all the world expects I shall make my wife" (Smallboys had even taken heavy odds on that fact), I added also, with the faint germ of a pain within, "But how prepared are two people to live with one another forever, whose intimacy stands gauged at two waltzes an evening, a companionship in the march to supper, and a surface talk of brilliant banter in a conservatory?" But I stifled this questioning, feeling that I was growing old even faster than my years, and would probably marry now or never. "After all" (thus I lied to myself), "it is better to be married to a woman whom you *respect* than not at all."

I remember the last time I said this to myself. It was on a Monday evening. Grace Denham had let me kiss her finger tips, as I bowed myself out, after her permission to accompany her to Wallack's the next Thursday.

CHAPTER IV.

Listless more than I ought to have been with that beautiful woman beside me, I leaned on the velvet of the dress-circle, and forgot the fatigue of a very hard day of anxiety in the counting-room, or sought to, in a desultory use of the lorgnette. There were the usual number of habitués, who came because they always had come, and sat waiting for the curtain to rise with a staid demeanor worthy of any Puritan congregation—the inevitable young Americans, whose prevailing idea of a theatre was a place to look bored and talk very loud in—and the pretty little white-and-red susceptible women who are always there to gratify their appetite for falling in love with Lester—I never quarreled with them, for beyond question he is one of the handsomest men in New York. All these glided past my nonchalant glass almost without notice. At last my eye rambled to the proscenium boxes—and stopped—at the left hand one of the first tier.

For, leaning her cheek on her hand, there sat there one of the most exquisite specimens of earthly womanhood. She was not more of an idiot than all the rest of the world—so she knew as well as they that her arm was matchless even by Parian sculpture, and she could not help letting them admire its delicious curves, adorned by nothing but a simple bracelet of brown hair. And her face—intense with a pure sustained passion that had not yet lavished itself—oh, it was beautiful, like the melody of "Spirito Gentil!" It seemed as if I had seen it before—but as I could not give it name, I thought this a mere fancy—and contented myself with a long, unquestioning gaze.

"We are dull this evening, Mr. Thomas Maurice," laughed a silver voice beside me.

Good-by to that face—as to every other surpassing thing I had looked at in my too sanguine life. I took down the opera-glass instantly, and put it in the limbo of its case, saying—"Pardon me—not *we*—but I fear *myself* very heavy company."

"Shall I reveal you your thoughts? A sorceress of the Past has been weaving a new spell upon you. I saw you looking intently at the box of ex-widow Arabella Meiggs!"

Sure enough; for I looked again, and there sat the widow, in the box just above the Unknown, all glorious, in front of her dry-goods man, like a sample window of his most stylish patterns. I had not seen her before—so that the protestation of that fact made a very good answer to Grace Denham's playful reproaches.

We sat out the play—some light thing, for it was getting too warm for tragedy—and then, not caring to stay to the farce, we rose to seek the carriage. Throwing one more lingering glance at the first tier box, I saw its occupants were going too, and sighed, as I thought that, in all probability, I should never see the lady of the matchless arm again.

Just as we were leaving the vestibule I felt a strong arm upon my shoulder—heard a well-known voice say, "Avast there, Tom!" and turned to see my uncle, Eben Sawyer. And not alone; for on his arm there leaned *l'Inconnue!* I started, so that the soft little glove that nestled on my own almost fell down from it.

"Why, Uncle Eben! Of all men the most unexpected! Miss Denham, permit me—my uncle, Mr. Sawyer."

"Your servant, madam. But Tom—have you forgotten your old summer playmate, my Lizzie? Have you forgotten Tom, dear?"

Could I trust my senses? Little Good-for-Nothing! And, most wondrous of changes, time had indeed made her like her mother. As our hands met in most hearty grasp—as I exclaimed, "Why, Lizzie—Miss Carter, to think I should not have known you!" there still seemed to mingle with the rich flush of welcome in her face somewhat of the old proud self-consciousness, and her lips smiled triumphantly, as if she would say—"Are you ashamed to be seen with the homely little girl *now?*" I introduced her to Grace Denham, and the two women became friends—that is, such friends as the perfectly trained beauty of society, keeping her *aplomb* with all the grace imparted by twenty-two world-practiced years, can be with the very soul of naturalness, outwelling, spontaneous, and seventeen.

Uncle Eben and his ward were to be in town till July. It was then early in June. We exchanged cards, and promised to see each other daily; for I myself could not get away to the country any earlier than his departure.

"Good-night, Uncle Eben! Miss Carter—*au revoir!*"

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE LAST DEVIL'S WALK.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I.

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A devil has walking gone—
To trample and char the flow'rs to death,
To infest the air with his pestilent breath,
And to cloud the morning sun.

II.

And, pray, how was this devil dress'd?
Oh! he was cased in an iron vest;
His scales were close, and his rivets true,
With never a chink for a spear to get through.

III.

And over the hill, and over the dale,
He walked, and over the plain,
And an air-gun, elegant, polish'd, and round,
That would kill miles off, with never a sound,
He twirl'd like a harmless cane.

IV.

And over the laurels of full-blown Fame,
And the tender shoots of the young Good Name,
He stamp'd with his merciless hoof of shame,
And he left its print on each.
And backward and forward he wriggled his tail,
Through rose-trimm'd garden and lily-strewn vale,
Marking his course by a loathsome trail,
Like a snail-track over a peach.

V.

He spied a laborer hard at work,
Early at his vocation.
His prominence offered a capital shot.
"Oho!" quoth the devil, "he sees me not."
So he shoulder'd his piece and he aim'd, God wot!
With terrible calculation!

VI.

He saw young innocent folks at play,
Blameless, beautiful, wise, and gay,
The prospect liked not him.
So a vitriol-flask from his pouch he drew,
('Twas a devilish deed!) and the liquid threw
O'er the fair young group, whom he left a crew
Of monsters scarr'd and grim.

VII.

He peered in a house; 'twas a goodly manse,
Of time and weather had stood the chance,
And was still erect and fair.
"Aha!" quoth the Devil, "the pile looks well,
But I've fire-works studied for nothing in hell,
If I can't find out when a match or shell
May lead to combustion there."

VIII.

That Devil could creep where no other fiends can.
He found an unguarded spot,
Where he scraped a mine with his diligent hoof,
And—his train prepared—wall, pillar, and roof,
Blew up in the air like shot!

IX.

That breach in the roof is mended now;
Its whereabout few can tell.
But the Devil had done his work that day,
So he crawl'd him back for his master's pay,
Which he royally spent in a jovial way,
With the lowest devils in Hell.

X.

"There are many devils that walk this world,
Devils great and devils small,
Devils with tails and devils without;"
Devils who whisper, devils who shout,
Devils who mystify, devils who teach;
But the Calumny Devil—as hard to reach
As the snail who, now safe on some distant beech,
Is digesting the core of my favorite peach—
Is the shabbiest devil of all!

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XI.

Our old friend the Pocket Cannibal evinces unexpected patriotism and philosophical moderation, contented with a steak off his own succulent friend in the airs of his own native sky.

Colonel Morley had a second interview with Mr. Poole. It needed not Alban's knowledge of the world to discover that Poole was no partial friend to Jasper Losely; that, for some reason or other, Poole was no less anxious than the Colonel to get that formidable client, whose cause he so warmly advocated, pensioned and packed off into the region most remote from Great Britain, in which a spirit hitherto so restless might consent to settle. And although Mr. Poole had evidently taken offense at Mr. Darrell's discourteous rebuff of his amiable intentions, yet no grudge against Darrell furnished a motive for conduct equal to his Christian desire that Darrell's peace should be purchased by Losely's perpetual exile. Accordingly, Colonel Morley took leave, with a well-placed confidence in Poole's determination to do all in his power to induce Jasper to listen to reason. The Colonel had hoped to learn something from Poole of the elder Losely's present residence and resources. Poole, as we know, could give him there no information. The Colonel also failed to ascertain any particulars relative to that female pretender on whose behalf Jasper founded his principal claim to Darrell's aid. And so great was Poole's embarrassment in reply to all questions on that score—Where was the young person? With whom had she lived? What was she like? Could the Colonel see her, and hear her own tale?—that Alban entertained a strong suspicion that no such girl was in existence; that she was a pure fiction and myth; or that, if Jasper were compelled to produce some petticoated fair, she would be an artful baggage hired for the occasion.

Poole waited Jasper's next visit with impatience and sanguine delight. He had not a doubt that the ruffian would cheerfully consent to allow that, on farther inquiry, he found he had been deceived in his belief of Sophy's parentage, and that there was nothing in England so peculiarly sacred to his heart but what he might consent to breathe the freer air of Columbian skies, or even to share the shepherd's harmless life amidst the pastures of auriferous Australia! But, to Poole's ineffable consternation, Jasper declared sullenly that he would not consent to expatriate himself merely for the sake of living.

"I am not so young as I was," said the bravo; "I don't speak of years, but feeling. I have not the same energy; once I had high spirits—they are broken; once I had hope—I have none: I am not up to exertion; I have got into lazy habits. To go into new scenes, form new plans, live in a horrid raw new world, every body round me bustling and pushing—No! that may suit your thin dapper light Hop-o'-my-thumbs! Look at me! See how I have increased in weight the last five years—all solid bone and muscle. I defy any four draymen to move me an inch if I am not in the mind to it; and to be blown off to the antipodes as if I were the down of a pestilent thistle, I am not in the mind for *that*, Dolly Poole!"

"Hum!" said Poole, trying to smile. "This is funny talk. You always were a funny fellow. But I am quite sure, from Colonel Morley's decided manner, that you can get nothing from Darrell if you choose to remain in England."

"Well, when I have nothing else left, I may go to Darrell myself, and have that matter out with him. At present I am not up to it. Dolly, don't bore!" And the bravo, opening a jaw strong enough for any carnivorous animal, yawned—yawned much as a bored tiger does in the face of a philosophical student of savage manners in the Zoological Gardens.

"Bore!" said Poole, astounded, and recoiling from that expanded jaw. "But I should have thought no subject could bore you less than the consideration of how you are to live?"

"Why, Dolly, I have learned to be easily contented, and you see at present I live upon you."

"Yes," groaned Poole, "but that can't go on forever; and, besides, you promised that you would leave me in peace as soon as I had got Darrell to provide for you."

"So I will. Zounds, Sir, do you doubt my word? So I will. But I don't call exile 'a provision'—*Basta!* I understand from you that Colonel Morley offers to restore the niggardly £200 a year Darrell formerly allowed to me, to be paid monthly or weekly, through some agent in Van Diemen's Land, or some such uncomfortable half-way house to Eternity, that was not even in the Atlas when I studied geography at school. But £200 a year is exactly my income in England, paid weekly too, by your agreeable self, with whom it is a pleasure to talk over old times. Therefore that proposal is out of the question. Tell Colonel Morley, with my compliments, that if he will double the sum, and leave me to spend it where I please, I scorn haggling, and say 'done.' And as to the girl, since I can not find her (which, on penalty of being thrashed to a mummy, you will take care not to let out), I would agree to leave Mr. Darrell free to disown her. But are you such a dolt as not to see that I put the ace of trumps on my adversary's pitiful deuce, if I depose that my own child is not my own child, when all I get for it is what I equally get out of you, with my ace of trumps still in my hands? *Basta!*—I say again *Basta!* It is evidently an object to Darrell to get rid of all fear that Sophy should ever pounce upon him tooth and claw: if he be so convinced that she is not his daughter's child, why make a point of my saying that I told him a fib when I said she was? Evidently, too, he is afraid of my power to harass and annoy him; or why make it a point that I shall only nibble his cheese in a trap at the world's end, stared at by bushmen, and wombats, and rattlesnakes, and alligators, and other American citizens or British settlers? £200 a year, and my own wife's father a millionaire! The offer is an insult. Ponder this; put on the screw; make them come to terms which I can do them the honor to accept; meanwhile, I will trouble you for my four sovereigns."

Poole had the chagrin to report to the Colonel Jasper's refusal of the terms proposed, and to state the counter-proposition he was commissioned to make. Alban was at first surprised, not conjecturing the means of supply, in his native land, which Jasper had secured in the coffers of Poole himself. On sounding the unhappy negotiator as to Jasper's reasons, he surmised, however, one part of the truth—viz., that Jasper built hopes of better terms precisely on the fact that terms had been offered to him at all; and this induced Alban almost to regret that he had made any such overtures, and to believe that Darrell's repugnance to open the door of conciliation a single inch to so sturdy a mendicant, was more worldly-wise than Alban had originally supposed. Yet partly, even for Darrell's own security and peace, from that persuasion of his own powers of management which a consummate man of the world is apt to entertain, and partly from a strong curiosity to see the audacious son of that poor dear rascal Willy, and examine himself into the facts he asserted, and the objects he aimed at, Alban bade Poole inform Jasper that Colonel Morley would be quite willing to convince him, in a personal interview, of the impossibility of acceding to the propositions Jasper had made; and that he should be still more willing to see the young person whom Jasper asserted to be the child of his marriage.

Jasper, after a moment's moody deliberation, declined to meet Colonel Morley—partly, indeed, from the sensitive vanity which once had given him delight, and now only gave him pain. Meet thus—altered, fallen, imbruted—the fine gentleman whose calm eye had quelled him in the widow's drawing-room in his day of comparative splendor—that in itself was distasteful to the degenerated bravo. But he felt as if he should be at more disadvantage in point of argument with a cool and wary representative of Darrell's interests than he should be even with Darrell himself. And unable to produce the child whom he ascribed the right to obtrude, he should be but exposed to a fire of cross questions without a shot in his own locker. Accordingly, he declined, point-blank, to see Colonel Morley; and declared that the terms he himself had proposed were the lowest he would accept. "Tell Colonel Morley, however, that if negotiations fail, *I* shall not fail, sooner or later, to argue my view of the points in dispute with my kind father-in-law, and in person."

"Yes, hang it!" cried Poole, exasperated; "go and see Darrell yourself. He is easily found."

"Ay," answered Jasper, with the hardest look of his downcast sidelong eye—"ay; some day or other it may come to that. I would rather not, if possible. I might not keep my temper. It is not merely a matter of money between us, if we two meet. There are affronts to efface. Banished his house like a mangy dog—treated by a jackanapes lawyer like the dirt in the kennel! The Loselys, I suspect, would have looked down on the Darrells fifty years ago; and what if my father was born out of wedlock, is the blood not the same? Does the breed dwindle down for want of a gold ring and priest? Look at me. No; not what I now am; not even as you saw me five years ago; but as I leaped into youth! Was I born to cast sums and nib pens as a City clerk? Aha, my poor father, you were wrong there! Blood will out! Mad devil, indeed, is a racer in a citizen's gig! Spavined, and wind-galled, and foundered—let the brute go at last to the knackers; but by his eye, and his pluck, and his bone, the brute shows the stock that he came from!"

Dolly opened his eyes and—blinked. Never in his gaudy days had Jasper half so openly revealed what, perhaps, had been always a sore in his pride; and his outburst now may possibly aid the reader to a subtler comprehension of the arrogance, and levity, and egotism, which accompanied his insensibility to honor, and had converted his very claim to the blood of a gentleman into an excuse for a cynic's disdain of the very virtues for which a gentleman is most desirous of obtaining credit. But by a very ordinary process in the human mind, as Jasper had fallen lower and lower into the lees and dregs of fortune, his pride had more prominently emerged from the group of the other and more flaunting vices by which, in health and high spirits, it had been pushed aside and outshone.

"Humph!" said Poole, after a pause. "If Darrell was as uncivil to you as he was to me, I don't wonder that you owe him a grudge. But even if you do lose temper in seeing him, it might rather do good than not. You can make yourself cursedly unpleasant if you choose it; and perhaps you will have a better chance of getting your own terms if they see you can bite as well as bark! Set at Darrell and worry him; it is not fair to worry nobody but me!"

"Dolly, don't bluster! If I could stand at his door, or stop him in the streets, with the girl in my hand, your advice would be judicious. The world would not care for a row between a rich man and a penniless son-in-law. But an interesting young lady, who calls him grandfather, and falls at his knees, he could not send *her* to hard labor; and if he does not believe in her birth, let the thing but just get into the newspapers, and there are plenty who will; and I should be in a very different position for treating. 'Tis just because, if I meet Darrell again, I don't wish that again it should be all bark and no bite, that I postpone the interview. All your own laziness—exert yourself and find the girl."

"But I can't find the girl, and you know it! And I tell you what, Mr. Losely, Colonel Morley, who is a very shrewd man, does not believe in the girl's existence."

"Does not he! I begin to doubt it myself. But, at all events, you can't doubt of mine, and I am grateful for yours; and since you have given me the trouble of coming here to no purpose, I may as well take the next week's pay in advance—four sovereigns, if you please, Dolly Poole."

CHAPTER XII.

Another halt—Change of Horses—and a turn on the road.

COLONEL MORLEY, on learning that Jasper declined a personal conference with himself, and that the proposal of an interview with Jasper's alleged daughter was equally scouted or put aside, became still more confirmed in his belief that Jasper had not yet been blessed with a daughter sufficiently artful to produce. And pleased to think that the sharper was thus unprovided with a means of annoyance, which, skillfully managed, might have been seriously harassing; and convinced that when Jasper found no farther notice taken of him, he himself would be compelled to petition for the terms he now rejected, the Colonel dryly informed Poole "that his interference was at an end; that if Mr. Losely, either through himself, or through Mr. Poole, or any one else, presumed to address Mr. Darrell direct, the offer previously made would be peremptorily and irrevocably withdrawn. I myself," added the Colonel, "shall be going abroad very shortly, for the rest of the summer; and should Mr. Losely, in the mean while, think better of a proposal which secures him from want, I refer him to Mr. Darrell's solicitor. To that proposal, according to your account of his destitution, he must come sooner or later; and I am glad to see that he has in yourself so judicious an adviser"—a compliment which by no means consoled the miserable Poole.

In the briefest words, Alban informed Darrell of his persuasion that Jasper was not only without evidence to support a daughter's claim, but that the daughter herself was still in that part of Virgil's Hades appropriated to souls that have not yet appeared upon the upper earth, and that Jasper himself, although holding back, as might be naturally expected, in the hope of conditions more to his taste, had only to be left quietly to his own meditations in order to recognize the advantages of emigration. Another £100 a year or so, it is true, he might bargain for, and such a demand might be worth conceding. But, on the whole, Alban congratulated Darrell upon the probability of hearing very little more of the son-in-law, and no more at all of the son-in-law's daughter.

Darrell made no comment nor reply. A grateful look, a warm pressure of the hand, and, when the subject was changed, a clearer brow and livelier smile, thanked the English Alban better than all words.

CHAPTER XIII.

Colonel Morley shows that it is not without reason that he enjoys his reputation of knowing something about every body.

"WELL met," said Darrell, the day after Alban had conveyed to him the comforting assurances which had taken one thorn from his side—dispersed one cloud in his evening sky. "Well met," said Darrell, encountering the Colonel a few paces from his own door. "Pray walk with me as far as the New Road. I have promised Lionel to visit the studio of an artist friend of his, in whom he chooses to find a Raffaelle, and in whom I suppose, at the price of truth, I shall be urbanely compelled to compliment a dauber."

"Do you speak of Frank Vance?"

"The same!"

"You could not visit a worthier man, nor compliment a more promising artist. Vance is one of the few who unite *gusto* and patience, fancy and brushwork. His female heads, in especial, are exquisite, though they are all, I confess, too much like one another. The man himself is a thoroughly fine fellow. He has been much made of in good society, and remains unspoiled. You will find his manner rather offhand, the reverse of shy; partly, perhaps, because he has in himself the racy freshness and boldness which he gives to his colors; partly, perhaps, also, because he has in his art the self-esteem that patricians take from their pedigree, and shakes a duke by the hand to prevent the duke holding out to him a finger."

"Good," said Darrell, with his rare, manly laugh. "Being shy myself, I like men who meet one half-way. I see that we shall be at our ease with each other."

"And perhaps still more when I tell you that he is connected with an old Eton friend of ours, and deriving great benefit from that connection; you remember poor Sidney Branthwaite?"

"To be sure. He and I were great friends at Eton—somewhat in the same position of pride and poverty. Of all the boys in the school we two had the least pocket-money. Poor Branthwaite! I lost sight of him afterward. He went into the Church, got only a curacy, and died young."

"And left a son, poorer than himself, who married Frank Vance's sister."

"You don't say so. The Branthwaites were of good old family; what is Mr. Vance's?"

"Respectable enough. Vance's father was one of those clever men who have too many strings to their bow. He, too, was a painter; but he was also a man of letters, in a sort of a way—had a share in a journal, in which he wrote Criticisms on the Fine Arts. A musical composer, too. Rather a fine gentleman, I suspect, with a wife who was rather a fine lady. Their house was much frequented by artists and literary men: old Vance, in short, was hospitable—his wife extravagant. Believing that posterity would do that justice to his pictures which his contemporaries refused, Vance left to his family no other provision. After selling his pictures and paying his debts, there was just enough left to bury him. Fortunately, Sir ——, the great painter of that day, had already conceived a liking to Frank Vance—then a mere boy—who had shown genius from an infant, as all true artists do. Sir —— took him into his studio, and gave him lessons. It would have been unlike Sir ——, who was open-hearted but close-fisted, to give any thing else. But the boy contrived to support his mother and sister. That fellow, who is now as arrogant a stickler for the dignity of art as you or my Lord Chancellor may be for that of the bar, stooped then to deal clandestinely with fancy-shops, and imitate Watteau on fans. I have now two hand-screens that he painted for a shop in Rathbone Place. I suppose he may have got 10*s.* for them, and now any admirer of Frank's would give £100 apiece for them."

"That is the true soul in which genius lodges, and out of which fire springs," cried Darrell, cordially. "Give me the fire that lurks in the flint, and answers by light the stroke of the hard steel. I'm glad Lionel has won a friend in such a man. Sidney Branthwaite's son married Vance's sister—after Vance had won reputation?"

"No; while Vance was still a boy. Young Arthur Branthwaite was an orphan. If he had any living relations, they were too poor to assist him. He wrote poetry much praised by the critics (they deserve to be hanged, those critics!)—scribbled, I suppose, in old Vance's journal; saw Mary Vance a little before her father died; fell in love with her; and on the strength of a volume of verse, in which the critics all solemnly deposed to his surpassing riches—of imagination, rushed to the altar, and sacrificed a wife to the Muses! Those villainous critics will have a dark account to render in the next world! Poor Arthur Branthwaite! For the sake of our old friend his father, I bought a copy of his little volume. Little as the volume was, I could not read it through."

"What!—below contempt?"

"On the contrary, above comprehension. All poetry praised by critics nowadays is as hard to understand as a hieroglyphic. I own a weakness for Pope and common sense. I could keep up with our age as far as Byron; after him I was thrown out. However, Arthur was declared by the critics to be a great improvement on Byron—more 'poetical in form'—more 'æsthetically artistic'—more 'objective' or 'subjective' (I am sure I forget which, but it was one or the other, nonsensical, and not English) in his views of man and nature. Very possibly. All I know is—I bought the poems, but could not read them; the critics read them, but did not buy. All that Frank Vance could make by painting hand-screens and fans and album scraps he sent, I believe, to the poor poet; but I fear it did not suffice. Arthur, I suspect, must have been publishing another volume on his own account. I saw a Monody on something or other, by Arthur Branthwaite, advertised, and no doubt Frank's fans and hand-screens must have melted into the printer's bill. But the Monody never appeared: the poet died, his young wife too. Frank Vance remains a bachelor, and sneers at gentility—abhors poets—is insulted if you promise posthumous fame—gets the best price he can for his pictures—and is proud to be thought a miser. Here we are at his door."

CHAPTER XIV.

Romantic Love pathologically regarded by Frank Vance and Alban Morley.

VANCE was before his easel, Lionel looking over his shoulder. Never was Darrell more genial than he was that day to Frank Vance. The two men took to each other at once, and talked as familiarly as if the retired lawyer and the rising painter were old fellow-travelers along the same road of life. Darrell was really an exquisite judge of art, and his praise was the more gratifying because discriminating. Of course he gave the due meed of panegyric to the female heads, by which the artist had become so renowned. Lionel took his kinsman aside, and, with a mournful expression of face, showed him the portrait by which all those varying ideals had been suggested—the portrait of Sophy as Titania.

"And that is Lionel," said the artist, pointing to the rough outline of Bottom.

"Pish!" said Lionel, angrily. Then turning to Darrell—"This is *the* Sophy we have failed to find, Sir—is it not a lovely face?"

"It is indeed," said Darrell. "But that nameless refinement in expression—that arch yet tender elegance in the simple, watchful attitude—these, Mr. Vance, must be your additions to the original."

"No, I assure you, Sir," said Lionel; "besides that elegance, that refinement, there was a delicacy in the look and air of that child, to which Vance failed to do justice. Own it, Frank."

"Reassure yourself, Mr. Darrell," said Vance, "of any fears which Lionel's enthusiasm might excite. He tells me that Titania is in America; yet, after all, I would rather he saw her again—no cure for love at first sight like a second sight of the beloved object after a long absence."

DARREL (somewhat gravely). "A hazardous remedy—it might kill, if it did not cure."

COLONEL MORLEY. "I suspect, from Vance's manner, that he has tested its efficacy on his own person."

LIONEL. "No, *mon Colonel*—I'll answer for Vance. *He* in love! Never."

Vance colored—gave a touch to the nose of a Roman senator in the famous classical picture which he was then painting for a merchant at Manchester—and made no reply. Darrell looked at the artist with a sharp and searching glance.

COLONEL MORLEY. "Then all the more credit to Vance for his intuitive perception of philosophical truth. Suppose, my dear Lionel, that we light, one idle day, on a beautiful novel, a glowing romance—suppose that, by chance, we are torn from the book in the middle of the interest—we remain under the spell of the illusion—we recall the scenes—we try to guess what should have been the sequel—we think that no romance ever was so captivating, simply because we were not allowed to conclude it. Well, if, some years afterward, the romance fall again in our way, and we open at the page where we left off, we cry, in the maturity of our sober judgment, 'Mawkish stuff!—is this the same thing that I once thought so beautiful?—how one's tastes do alter!'"

DARRELL. "Does it not depend on the age in which one began the romance?"

LIONEL. "Rather, let me think, Sir, upon the real depth of the interest—the true beauty of the—"

VANCE (interrupting). "Heroine?—Not at all, Lionel. I once fell in love—incredible as it may seem to you—nine years ago last January. I was too poor then to aspire to any young lady's hand—therefore I did not tell my love, but 'let concealment,' et cetera, et cetera. She went away with her mamma to complete her education on the Continent. I remained 'Patience on a monument.' She was always before my eyes—the slenderest, shyest creature—just eighteen. I never had an idea that she could grow any older, less slender, or less shy. Well, four years afterward (just before we made our excursion into Surrey, Lionel), she returned to England, still unmarried. I went to a party at which I knew she was to be—saw her, and was cured."

"Bad case of small-pox, or what?" asked the Colonel, smiling.

VANCE. "Nay; every body said she was extremely improved—that was the mischief—she had improved herself out of my fancy. I had been faithful as wax to one settled impression, and when I saw a fine, full-formed, young Frenchified lady, quite at her ease, armed with eye-glass and bouquet and bustle, away went my dream of the slim blushing maiden. The Colonel is quite right, Lionel; the romance once suspended, 'tis a haunting remembrance till thrown again in our way, but complete disillusion if we try to renew it; though I swear that in my case the interest was deep, and the heroine improved in her beauty. So with you and that dear little creature. See her again, and you'll tease me no more to give you that portrait of Titania at watch over Bottom's soft slumbers. All a Mid-summer Night's Dream, Lionel. Titania fades back into the arms of Oberon, and would not be Titania if you could make her—Mrs. Bottom."

CHAPTER XV.

Even Colonel Morley, knowing every body and every thing, is puzzled when it comes to the plain question—"What will he do with it?"

"I AM delighted with Vance," said Darrell, when he and the Colonel were again walking arm in arm. "His is not one of those meagre intellects which have nothing to spare out of the professional line. He has humor. Humor—strength's rich superfluity."

"I like your definition," said the Colonel. "And humor in Vance, though fantastic, is not without subtlety. There was much real kindness in his obvious design to quiz Lionel out of that silly enthusiasm for—"

"For a pretty child, reared up to be a strolling player," interrupted Darrell. "Don't call it silly enthusiasm. I call it chivalrous compassion. Were it other than compassion, it would not be enthusiasm, it would be degradation. But do you believe, then, that Vance's confession of first love, and its cure, was but a whimsical invention?"

COLONEL MORLEY. "Not so. Many a grave truth is spoken jestingly. "I have no doubt that, allowing for the pardonable exaggeration of a *raconteur*, Vance was narrating an episode in his own life."

DARRELL. "Do you think that a grown man, who has ever really felt love, can make a jest of it, and to mere acquaintances?"

COLONEL MORLEY. "Yes; if he be so thoroughly cured that he has made a jest of it to himself. And the more lightly he speaks of it, perhaps the more solemnly at one time he felt it. Levity is his revenge on the passion that fooled him."

DARRELL. "You are evidently an experienced philosopher in the lore of such folly. '*Consultus insapientis sapientiæ.*' Yet I can scarcely believe that you have ever been in love."

"Yes, I have," said the Colonel, bluntly, "and very often! Every body at my age has—except yourself. So like a man's observation, *that*," continued the Colonel, with much tartness. "No man ever thinks another man capable of a profound and romantic sentiment!"

DARRELL. "True; I own my shallow fault, and beg you ten thousand pardons. So then you really believe, from your own experience, that there is much in Vance's theory and your own very happy illustration? Could we, after many years, turn back to the romance at the page at which we left off, we should—"

COLONEL MORLEY. "Not care a straw to read on! Certainly, half the peculiar charm of a person beloved must be ascribed to locality and circumstance."

DARRELL. "I don't quite understand you."

COLONEL MORLEY. "Then, as you liked my former illustration, I will explain myself by another one, more homely. In a room to which you are accustomed, there is a piece of furniture, or an ornament, which so exactly suits the place, that you say—'The prettiest thing I ever saw!' You go away—you return—the piece of furniture or the ornament has been moved into another room. You see it there, and you say—'Bless me, is that the thing I so much admired!' The strange room does not suit it—losing its old associations and accessories, it has lost its charm. So it is with human beings—seen in one place, the place would be nothing without them—seen in another, the place without them would be all the better!"

DARRELL (musingly). "There are some puzzles in life which resemble the riddles a child asks you to solve. Your imagination can not descend low enough for the right guess. Yet, when you are told, you are obliged to say—'How clever!' Man lives to learn."

"Since you have arrived at that conviction," replied Colonel Morley, amused by his friend's gravity, "I hope that you will rest satisfied with the experiences of Vance and myself; and that if you have a mind to propose to one of the young ladies whose merits we have already discussed, you will not deem it necessary to try what effect a prolonged absence might produce on your good resolution."

"No!" said Darrell, with sudden animation. "Before three days are over, my mind shall be made up."

"Bravo!—as to whom of the three you would ask in marriage?"

"Or as to the idea of ever marrying again. Adieu. I am going to knock at that door."

"Mr. Vyvyan's! Ah, is it so, indeed? Verily, you are a true Dare-all."

"Do not be alarmed. I go afterward to an exhibition with Lady Adela, and I dine with the Carr Viponts. My choice is not yet made, and my hand still free."

"His hand still free!" muttered the Colonel, pursuing his walk alone. "Yes—but, three days hence—What will he do with it?"

CHAPTER XVI.

Guy Darrell's Decision.

GUY DARRELL returned home from Carr Vipont's dinner at a late hour. On his table was a note from Lady Adela's father, cordially inviting Darrell to pass the next week at his country house. London was now emptying fast. On the table-tray was a parcel, containing a book which Darrell had lent to Miss Vyvyan some weeks ago, and a note from herself. In calling at her father's house that morning, he had learned that Mr. Vyvyan had suddenly resolved to take her into Switzerland, with the view of passing the next winter in Italy. The room was filled with loungers of both sexes. Darrell had staid but a short time. The leave-taking had been somewhat formal—Flora unusually silent. He opened her note, and read the first lines listlessly; those that followed, with a changing cheek and an earnest eye. He laid down the note very gently, again took it up, and reperused. Then he held it to the candle, and it dropped from his hand in tinder. "The innocent child," murmured he, with a soft paternal tenderness; "she knows not what she writes." He began to pace the room with his habitual restlessness when in solitary thought—often stopping—often sighing heavily. At length his face cleared—his lips became firmly set. He summoned his favorite servant. "Mills," said he, "I shall leave town on horseback as soon as the sun rises. Put what I may require for a day or two into the saddle-bags. Possibly, however, I may be back by dinner-time. Call me at five o'clock, and then go round to the stables. I shall require no groom to attend me."

The next morning, while the streets were deserted, no houses as yet astir, but the sun bright, the air fresh, Guy Darrell rode from his door. He did not return the same day, nor the next, nor at all. But, late in the evening of the second day, his horse, reeking-hot and evidently hard-ridden, stopped at the porch of Fawley Manor-House; and Darrell flung himself from the saddle, and into Fairthorn's arms. "Back again—back again—and to leave no more!" said he, looking round; "*Spes et Fortuna valete!*"

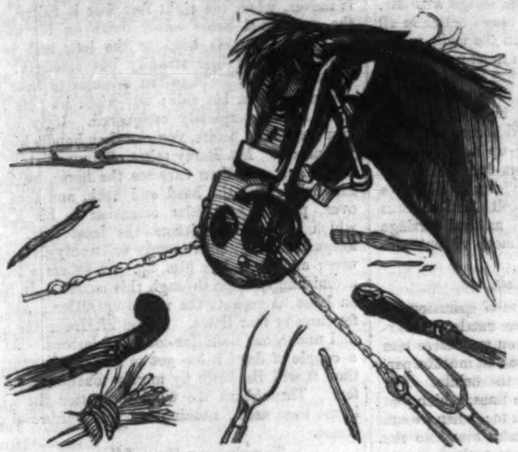
HOW MR. RAREY TAMES HORSES.

To the Editors of Harper's Weekly.

LONDON, *July* 10, 1858.

WITHIN the last three months I have become a horse-tamer. Having leisure and money to spare, of course there was nothing for it but to devote myself to the great mystery; and, thanks to Mr. Rarey, I have become somewhat of a proficient in a science which yet lacks an unpronounceable name, but is more important to the great public than many which are not named in less than eight syllables. Whatever I may hereafter accomplish on the Western prairies in the way of subduing the rising generation of equines, it is certain that I shall have a much better idea than before of the true nature of the horse, of his surprising intelligence and docility when humanely treated, and of the utter wrong of endeavoring to master him by mere brute force, or by any other means than gentleness and firmness united.

Owing to the publication here of a small pamphlet, originally printed by Mr. Rarey in Ohio, he



CRUISER, BEFORE MAKING MR. RAREY'S ACQUAINTANCE.

has publicly released his pupils of their promises (and bonds) to secrecy. I avail myself of this release to give your readers some account of Mr. Rarey's theory and practice, as explained by him to his pupils; feeling assured that to farmers and horsemen the information will be of the very greatest service, as well as interest; and that it will show every reasoning being the necessity of treating his horse only with the utmost humanity.

Mr. Rarey's Theory.

The principles which underlie the whole art of horse-taming, as practiced by Mr. Rarey, and, more or less, by various of his most successful predecessors, may be stated thus:

That obedience to man is a ruling principle in the nature of the horse; and, therefore, to make him obey is *not* necessarily to do violence to him. That disobedience is in fact forced upon him by conduct toward him which does violence to his nature.

That to make him obey, it is only necessary to make him *fully comprehend* what is required of him.

That he has originally no conception of his own strength or powers; and,

That it is the part of wisdom to keep him in ignorance, which can only be done by mastering him without force; that is, by kindness.

That, in the horse as well as in man, fear is the result of ignorance; and

That, therefore, it is only necessary to *accustom* him to any object of which he may at first stand in dread, to make him lose the sense of fear. Farther,

That the best means of accomplishing this end is to allow him to examine the dreaded object himself, and *in the manner which is most natural to him.*

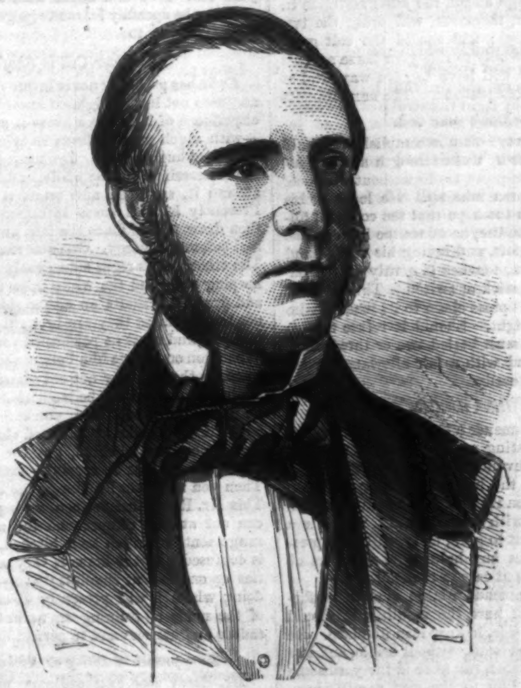
All which amounts to just this: that the horse is an intelligent creature, and that the only way to develop fully all his powers of usefulness to man is to treat him as such, and to *convince* him that his master is also his superior and his best friend.

Until he is convinced of this fact, and by that conviction has obtained the fullest reliance upon the kind intentions and the superior knowledge of him who guides him, he is not fully educated; that is to say, he is not perfectly broken in.

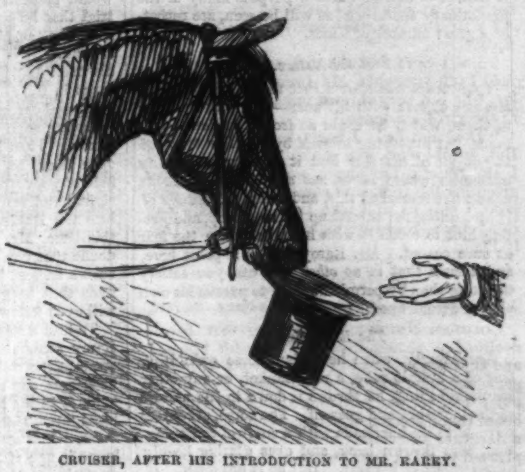
For, according to Mr. Rarey's humane plan, to break in a horse is simply to educate him, and to habituate him gradually to a new condition of life; which new condition, if properly imposed, he readily accepts as a natural one.

This is the theory, stated simply; and every sensible man will recognize its truth and justice. In its application Mr. Rarey disclaims the use of any of all those odors and mysterious passes which other horse-tamers pretend to have relied on; but which, he asserts, were useful only so far as their administration was gentle and accustomed the horse to the presence of his new master.

Before proceeding to a review of some of the practical details of Mr. Rarey's art, by which will be best shown the entire perfection of his theory, it needs only to add that, to be successful, the horse-tamer must have great patience, a perfect command of his temper, and utter fearlessness. He is to understand that by nature he is the horse's master, *because* his superior, and that, brute as he is, the horse will not acknowledge the mastery of an inferior mind. *Fear* and *anger* are two passions which must never be displayed before the horse. The initiatory step in colt-taming is similar to that in the famous Mrs. Glass's recipe for cooking a hare. First, therefore,



JOHN S. RAREY, THE HORSE-TAMER.



CRUISER, AFTER HIS INTRODUCTION TO MR. RAREY.

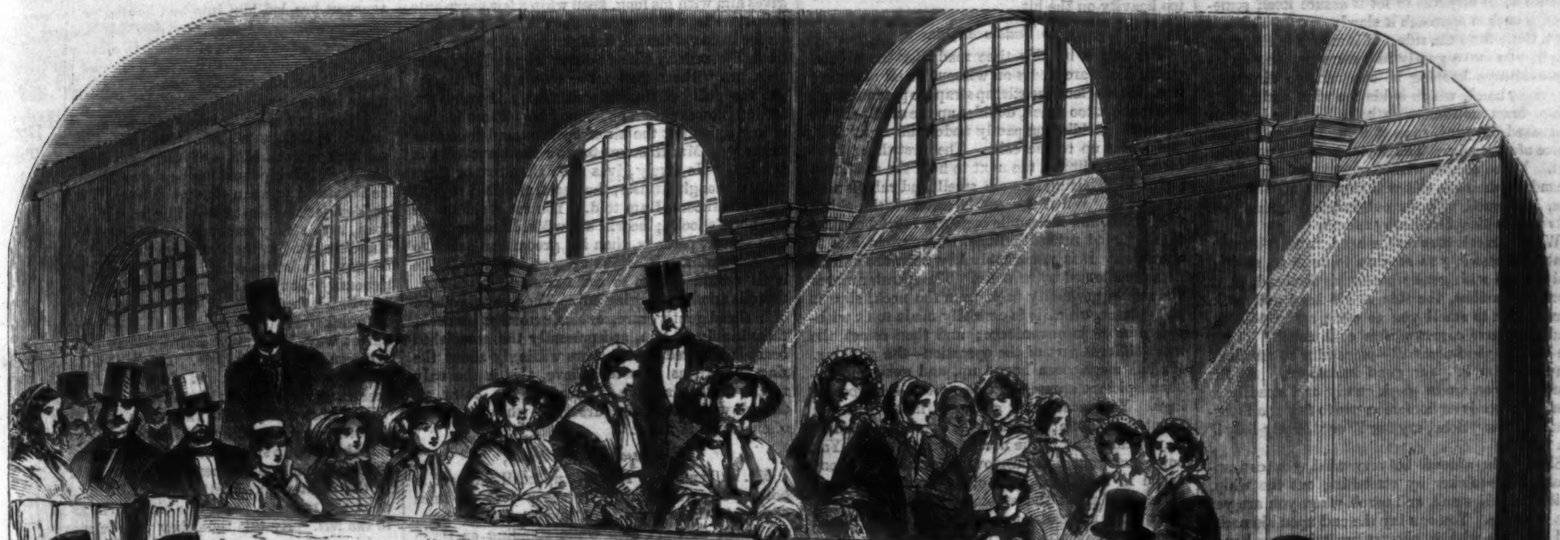
To Catch your Colt.

The animal is running loose in the pasture. If you rush after him with much swinging of arms and hallooing, he anticipates bodily harm, and makes every effort to escape. Now he should never—so asserts Mr. Rarey—from the first, connect the presence of man with the fear of harm to himself. It is well, therefore, to hitch a gentle horse to the stable-door, and then, seeing all obstructions cleared, to approach the colt from the opposite side, quietly and slowly. He will avoid you; and thus gradually, and without being startled, approach the hitched horse, and unsuspiciously enter the stable. The unbroken colt has no idea of the nature or purpose of a door-way. He sees an opening, and walks through it, in order to get farther away from those who are approaching too near him. The presence of the trained horse assures him of his own safety. Should he get away, it is necessary to recommence operations, and, with all patience, again persuade him up to the desired place. Mr. Rarey calls stabling a colt a ten minutes' job. If it were one of two hours, his method would be more profitable than the rude means which we see often resorted to in this country, which *force* the colt, alarm him, and lead him from the first to unite the two ideas of *man* and *personal danger*.

Having led out your horse, you shut the stable-door, having first given the colt a few ears of corn.

General Rules.

Mr. Rarey recommends as general rules for the various operations, that the shed or stable used should be light, and high enough to admit of a man's riding around without danger to his head; that chickens, swine, and other animals be excluded, as serving to attract the attention of the horse; that on no account shall any person accompany the tamer, or be present at his operations, in order that the attention of the horse be not divided between two or more objects; that before entering the stable the tamer shall know accurately all the processes he intends to go through with the horse; and that sufficient time must be given the animal, at each stage of the proceedings, to fully comprehend what is being done, and what



MR. RAREY EXHIBITING THE TAMED ZEBRA

is wished of him—for which purpose many of the preliminary operations, as will be seen, are repeated a great number of times.

Horse-Nature.

Experience has shown that the horse examines strange objects with his nose—not only smelling of them, which he could do from a moderate distance, but satisfying himself by *familiar touch* of the object of his fear that it is harmless. Any horseman whose horse has shied at a road-side stump has remarked this, and taken advantage of it by leading the animal up to the stump, and getting him to touch it with his nose, when the fear at once ceased. Mr. Rarey makes a point here, and asserts that *in no other* way can you satisfy the horse than by permitting him to pursue his own plan of actual touch.

The Red Blanket.

Accordingly, when he finds a horse exhibiting fear of a buffalo robe, a red blanket, or any other inanimate thing, he throws it down in the middle of the inclosure and goes off. The horse, of course, retreats to the barricade with a snort of consternation, ears thrown back, and eyes glaring keenly at the object of his fear. But he is not quiet. If you watch him, you will see that his gaze is riveted upon the blanket; you will see him presently go nearer to it; wheel round it; gradually decrease his distance; stand still, watching it intently—all eyes, ears, and nose, apparently, and ready to leap away for dear life at the slightest movement. But much as he may fear, he will never be content till he has, by alternate approaches and retreats, got so near to it that, by stretching out his neck, he can touch it with his nose. Two or three slight touches, and feeling no life in the blanket, he takes it in his teeth and shakes it. It drops to the ground again; and his fear is gone. For a while he is yet suspicious. Perhaps he goes away and returns to give the blanket another shake, and another. He will not rest, however, till he is satisfied; and when that is done he has no more fear. Most observing farm-boys have watched a young and "skittish" horse go through the process we have just described. It is the nature of the animal thus to satisfy itself; and therefore, says Mr. Rarey, the best method that can be adopted to cure him of fear, whether of a blanket, or of a man. To return now to the colt.

To approach the Colt.

Mr. Rarey insists upon the use of a leather halter, which does not hurt the colt's head in any way, while a rope halter not only cuts into the flesh, but draws tight at the least strain, obstructs the animal's breathing, and makes him lose his self-possession. Armed with this and a long whalebone buggy whip with good silk cracker, which will cut sharply and make a loud snap, you enter the stable. The colt has been there alone twenty minutes, engaged in nibbling some ears of corn, and examining the, to him strange, stable walls. If the animal is shy, it will stand as far away from you as possible, watching you keenly. You stand still for some minutes to let it assure itself somewhat, and then approach it slowly, not from ahead, but a little from the side. If it moves to the right or left, you move gently in a corresponding direction—always keeping in one relative direction. The right hand, which holds the whip and halter, hangs down motionless at the side. The left arm is crooked outward, so as to bring the hand in advance of the body. The object is to get up to the colt. When almost within reach, you stop a few seconds; when the colt will turn its nose toward you, and smell of your outstretched hand. *All colts will do this,* Mr. Rarey asserts.

When the colt touches the hand, it must be very gently caressed; you step up to its neck, slowly, and smooth with gentle passes his forehead, or, if more convenient, the side of his head and neck. Permit him to smell you as often as he will, redoubling your caresses after each touch. They are soothing and pleasant—place him at ease, and convince him of your good intentions. At the same time you are to speak gently and steadily to him such words as horsemen use to flatter a favorite animal, as "Soho, my boy!" or "Pretty lady!" etc.

Should the animal be very wild, you can approach him quicker by stretching out the whip, which he will smell and touch when you are yet at a distance. You can lay the end upon his neck, and rub him with it, shortening it in your hand, meanwhile, till he can reach that.

Haltering the Colt.

After he has become quite at ease with you, allowing you to smooth his head and neck without moving, you drop your whip, and fasten the end of the halter-strap about his neck. By drawing very gently you pull his head toward you. You stand at the left side of the colt. Laying your right arm across his neck, put, with your left hand, the long or buckle end of the upper part of your halter under his neck; hold it loosely with your right hand, and then loose your strap. Now you can lower the upper part; slip his nose into the appropriate place, and buckling the upper part, you have haltered your colt without in the least frightening him.

Fastening, now, a long rope to the end of your halter, you permit the colt to run around you, taking care never to snub him or draw him violently in any direction, but letting him feel the weight of your hand. Gradually you may approach him, shortening your hold of the line till you touch and caress him again. As you do not make him pull, he does not learn his strength; and as you treat him kindly, he is becoming more and more accustomed to you. When you can step close to him without causing him to fly back or turn away—which Mr. Rarey accomplishes in *ten* or *fifteen* minutes—he is ready for another lesson.

Leading the Colt.

He does not yet know his strength. Were you to pull him violently, to make him follow you, he would presently become frightened, and learn by trial that he could oppose your will. You stand, therefore, at his side, and draw his head gently around. It is his weak point. He can not brace his neck against your steady pull, and presently turns in the required direction. Whereupon you go up and caress him, and presently repeat the pull; following each compliance with caresses and kind words. Then lead him about the stable, past the open door, back and forth; till, at last, taking hold of your strap close to the jaw, and laying your right hand across his neck, you bring him slowly into the stable-yard, and walk him about. By this time, Mr. Rarey asserts, the colt will be so docile that you need no more strength to hold him than a trained horse; and as he likes caresses, and finds that he gets them by approaching you, he will even follow you about the yard.

To lead a colt by the side of a trained horse, Mr. Rarey recommends the employment of a double strap to the colt's halter. Getting on the horse, he passes one strap under the horse's neck, and holds it in his left hand; the other he holds with his right. Thus the colt is held to the side of the horse. If it attempts to back, the left hand strap keeps it up; if to go ahead, the other restrains it. A strain on either, moreover, will bring the two animals face to face; and should the colt grow stubborn, you have only to ride your horse against his neck, when he will have to give way, and at once falls back to his position. The next thing is

To Stable your Colt.

An undertaking too often accomplished in half an hour or an hour by main strength and stupidness, Mr. Rarey proposes to do without violence, and at farthest in ten minutes. He leads in his trained horse, with the hope that the colt will follow it. Should it refuse, he seizes the halter close to the jaws in his left, and laying his right hand over the colt's back, touches it gently on the off flank with a small stick or switch. This urges it ahead, and makes it press closer to its master, who easily directs it aright. Should it refuse to face the stable-door, it must be led two or three times about the yard, and with a fair allowance of caresses it will go in easily.

To Hitch the Colt,

Mr. Rarey recommends a broad but rather short stall, with a bar fitting across the back, whereby the colt will be prevented from giving a straight pull backward on the halter. Sideways he can not bring a strain on it; and thus he is made from the first to stand with a slack halter, which is a most desirable point to gain, as he will thus presently stand without any halter. A few ears of corn will place him at ease in the stall.

Mr. Rarey recommends a large, smooth snaffle-bit, which will not hurt the mouth. It should have a bar at each side, to keep it in its place. He attaches it to the headstall, without bridle, and lets the colt, thus accoutred, run loose in the yard some time, to accustom him to the iron mouth-piece. He also halters his colts, which enables him to lead them about, when bitted, without drawing too heavily on the bit.

To Saddle a Colt.

The colt is by this time ready for the saddle, which Mr. Rarey puts on without at all alarming him. He shortens the stirrup straps to prevent them flying about too much, doubles up the saddle skirts, holds the saddle compactly under his right arm, and walks up to the colt. The first thing is to caress him a little; the next to hold the saddle up before him, letting him see, smell, and rub his nose against it. When the colt is satisfied, the skirts are let fall, and the saddle is gently rubbed against his neck, and rattled a little, to accustom him to the noise. It is remarkable how soon the animal gets accustomed to the noise. The operator moves the saddle gradually back from the neck, slips it on the back, which it is carefully made to fit without pain or inconvenience; and then comes the most difficult part of the operation—the girthing. He has never been bound up, and generally has his suspicions aroused at this part of the proceedings. You must draw gently at first; lead him about for a little; and after he is a little used to it, you can draw to the necessary tightness. You now place your right arm over the saddle, take one bridle in that hand, the other in the left, and move him about the stable. In a surprisingly short time he learns to obey the motions of the bridle, knows that a loose rein means to stand still, and feels satisfied with the saddle. He is then ready for the next step, which is

To Mount your Colt.

Your arm bearing down in the saddle has accustomed him to a slight weight there. A block, eighteen inches high, is placed at his side. You reassure him by plentiful caresses; raise yourself meanwhile very gently to the top of the block; and when there let down your left stirrup, place your foot in it, seize the right side of the saddle with your right hand (you will then be leaning over the colt's back), and slowly bear your weight upon foot and hand. This must be done several times, that the colt may understand it as nothing hurtful; and presently you lift yourself *gently* into the saddle; which you could not do, were it not for the vantage ground the block gives you. You will find that the horse does not start at all. Mr. Rarey will not suffer a colt to be held when being mounted in this way, and it does not appear at all necessary.

To Ride the Colt.

Being mounted, you speak gently to him, and if he does not move, pull his head a little to the left, when he will go. The reins must hang loose (he has no martingale on), and he is permitted to walk slowly about the stable. Finally, you repeat all the operations of mounting, getting off, and riding around in different directions for a couple of hours. When you find your colt ready to go out of the stable, should he jump when he first gets into the open, you have only to pull his head around, which effectually stops that. Pulling the head around is indeed a favorite dodge with Mr. Rarey, who finds it to answer much better in all kinds of equine contrariness than the whip, which he applies very sparingly. You must not ride the colt too long at first. Get off when he seems tired and caress him; speak kindly to him (which he by this time appreciates), and he will keep his temper, and go along like a good horse. By-the-way, Mr. Rarey does not drag up a colt's head violently, as many horse-breakers do. He draws it up gradually, and without violence either to the mouth or the neck of the colt; and he thus produces a much finer and more natural carriage of the head than is done by a more violent procedure.

To Harness your Colt.

You go through a similar series of operations as with the saddle. When you can rattle the harness about him, you can lay it on and drive him about the stable, where this operation must be performed. You use no blinds to the bridle. You will find your colt shy about the lines, which you must take pains to accustom him to; when he can bear them over his back, you take him into the yard and drive him about with a trained horse, whereby he speedily learns to go gently and safely. You have then to

Put your Colt in Shafts.

As he has probably never before noticed a buggy, and does not in the slightest know its uses, his first experience of it inspires him—it may be supposed—with much such feelings as seize a lady on beholding a huge spider. You must lead him gently to it, caressing him the while, and let him walk all around it, smell it, and touch it with his nose. Presently he will cease to notice it. You must then draw the shafts to the left, and place the animal before the buggy. One man stands at his head. The other, at his right side, gently lifts the shafts, keeping one hand the while upon the colt's back, and drops the shafts on either side. They must not touch him as they are brought down. It is a nice job, and must be performed very deliberately. When you once have him between the shafts, shake them, so that he may not only hear but feel them against him. At first he is a little touchy. When he no longer minds them, you can fasten him up; and while the man at his head slowly leads him along, you work behind, get the lines over his back (which must be carefully done), and get in. Then you must not let him go faster than a walk. This Mr. Rarey insists upon, saying that the horse can not at first comprehend the multifarious arrangements to which he is hitched, and if hurried is confused. If the horse is very wild, Mr. Rarey ties up one foot at the first drive—the manner of doing which I will presently discuss. So much of the mode of training an unbroken colt to the saddle and harness and to perfect docility.

To approach a Biting or Kicking Horse,

Mr. Rarey uses extraordinary means. In the first place, if the horse is naturally mulish and stubborn, and will kick at any one coming near, he gives him with his long, keen whip a few sharp cuts about the legs, taking care that the lash shall sting on the inside of the thigh, high up, where he is particularly tender. This he does with peculiar quickness, but without the least excitement. The pain and the noise of the whip surprise and scare the animal, however savage he may be. There is never any fight, but the air of decision and conscious mastery in Mr. R. seems to awe the horse almost at once. He rarely gives more than two or three cuts, although Cruiser, the beast, required several remembrancers, I am told. You see a change in the horse's looks; he will allow Mr. R. to approach him—more, perhaps, than his groom has dared to do for months. R. walks up confidently. If the heels should chance to come around toward him, there is another stinging cut. Then he takes hold of his head gently, caresses him, smoothes his neck, talks kindly to him, and presently the astonished beast is haltered, and follows willingly about the ring. Hard as it is to believe, this is the only means used to subdue *Cruiser* and the *Zebra*, although with them, of course, the whip was used oftener than is usual.

To Drive a Kicking Horse,

Mr. R. bends one fore foot up until the hoof is bottom upward, then draws a loop over the knee and up to the pastern-joint, and secures it there. Of course he can't kick while standing on three legs, but there is this farther advantage, that to handle him while in this sorrowful plight seems to *conquer* him, and that almost at once. Sometimes he gets very angry, strikes the knee on the ground, and otherwise endeavors to get the foot loose. Mr. R. says you can sit down and look at him at your ease till he gives up. When this takes place he lets down the horse's foot, rubs his leg, and caresses him, lets him rest a little, and then puts the foot up again. This he repeats several times, till the horse has learned to walk on three legs. Hereupon he immediately, and without the least fear, puts even Cruiser into a sulky. Having his foot hitched up he *can not* kick, howsoever much he may desire to; nor can he run away if ever so much inclined.

Mr. Rarey's theory is that a horse kicks because he is *afraid* of something behind him—or of the man or other object approaching him. And he first incapacitates him from kicking, and then *accustoms* him to whatever he was before in fear of, be this a rattling vehicle, or a man's hand on his heels. A very few hours' time suffices to Mr. Rarey to accomplish this taming of the most vicious brute.

To make your Horse lie down,

Is only an extension of the hampering operation. The horse's left fore foot being fastened up, Mr. Rarey puts a surcingle about his body, and fastens a strap to the right fore leg, just above the hoof, which strap is passed through the surcingle, and held in Mr. Rarey's right hand, as he stands on the left side of the animal. He then, holding the bit in his left hand, bears against the horse till it moves, when the right fore foot is raised, and the astonished horse comes down on his knees. He now turns his head to the left, and bears against his shoulder steadily but strongly. It takes him from eight to ten minutes to bear the animal over on his side; but when he gets him there he is completely conquered. Ugly as he may have been before, you can then handle him as you please. Mr. Rarey takes off immediately all the straps, and then caresses the horse, rubbing him first about the head and neck, and then all over, paying particular attention to his heels, which he handles without the least fear. He keeps him thus about twenty or twenty-five minutes; and then lets him up. It sobers a horse astonishingly to go through this course. In half an hour he repeats the whole operation; and so for three or four times. In the afternoon the animal undergoes a similar course of lessons. After a couple of days it has got so used to the routine that it will lie down by merely touching its fore foot. Throughout the whole operation the whip is not once used; nothing but soft words and caresses.

To make your Horse follow you.

This seems a most difficult piece of training; and at first I doubted if here Mr. Rarey did not make use of some occult means, such as the often-talked-of oil of rhodium. The explanation shows it to be as simple as it is a beautiful piece of training. It is accomplished in a surprisingly short space of time. Mr. Rarey takes the horse, which is both bridled and haltered, into the inclosure, and, first caressing him a little, turns him, with the halter, toward him, and touches him very gently on the hips, with the long slender whip he always uses, saying at the same time, "Come along, boy!" in that steady and kind tone of voice which he knows best how to assume. The horse, feeling the whip, steps forward, close up to Mr. Rarey, who caresses him a little, moves forward again, and repeats the touch and the words. Each move of the horse is followed by a caress. Should he be very obtuse (for the whole operation is plainly an appeal to his sagacity) or refractory, he gets a few sharp cuts about the hind legs, the nerves of which in the horse, as in the school-boy, seem to have a close connection with the reflective organs. This will bring him to his senses; especially as he finds that moving at a particular time in the proper direction is followed by caresses—which seem to be very grateful to all horses. In from fifteen to twenty minutes Mr. Rarey makes the horse know the mere motion of the whip, and follow him about the stable, without its application, at the words of command When the lesson has been repeated in an open lot, the horse will follow you about, and run after you any where, even in the street.

About Balky Horses.

Mr. Rarey asserts that the horse knows nothing naturally about balking—and that the animal which practices any of the various freaks known under this name, does so either because bad management has led him into bad habits, or because, though willing to obey, he *does not comprehend* what his master desires of him. In all these cases, therefore, he maintains that the whip and the loud angry voice are entirely out of place, and only make bad worse.

If the horse balks he is excited. The first thing, therefore, is to go to his head, speak to him kindly, pat and smooth him, and thus get him quieted down. The whip must not be shown at all. When he is calmed you can start your team. It is not a sudden jerk against the collar which moves the load, but a steady pressure. All kinds of violence, therefore, tend to the wrong course. The object is to start the horses even; and as the balky horse generally plunges first, you are to keep him back gently till they can both take the strain together. A quick way to accomplish this—but not the surest way, Mr. Rarey says—is one I have myself seen practiced in Ohio. This is to lift one fore foot of the balky horse, and start the team. As he presses forward you let him have his foot, when he will almost always take the strain with his mate. A better way, according to Mr. Rarey, is to let the lines hang quite slack, get the horses calmed down, then stand in front of them, and turn them gently to the right without letting them bring a strain upon the traces. From this turn them as gently to the left. By this time they will be moving in unison, and, as you turn them again to the right, steady them in the collar, and they will go off together easily.

He advises to take half a day for curing a horse that has a *habit* of balking. You must put your balky horse beside a steady one, have check-lines upon them, tie up all parts of the harness the clattering of which might excite them, let them have their heads loose, and walk them up and down, stopping frequently and caressing the balky animal. When he starts and stops as you tell him, which will be very soon, you hitch the team to an empty wagon which is placed in a favorable position for starting. Shorten in the stay-chain of the steady horse a little, to let him get the first strain, then start ahead. You must watch your balky horse closely, and as soon as he appears at all excited stop and caress him. Always stop him before he motions to stop of his own accord. When they go along well drive them over a small hill, then over a larger one, and afterward add a load. If you are patient and careful you can make any horse pull true in this way, says Mr. Rarey.

I believe the above account includes all the blunders that a horse makes naturally or through the stupidity of his driver. It is well to bear in mind that the horse will not do well if his driver is a greater brute than himself. He wants his master to be his superior, and the main reason why Mr. Rarey is so astonishingly successful in subduing even the most refractory brutes, is because he knows how to show them his superiority. I should add, that he masters a horse generally in from two to four hours (Powell, his most illustrious predecessor in horse-taming, allowed himself sixteen hours), and that he requires not more than half or three quarters of an hour to handle any colt, wild from his native pastures, and have it running about the stable after him. Of course his pupils require longer time, having to proceed with more care and less confidence. But I am firmly convinced that any one who has more courage and common sense than his horse can do any thing with him that Mr. Rarey does. Φ.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Judge Jones of ——, Indiana, who never allows a chance for a joke to pass him, occupied the bench when it became necessary to obtain a juryman in a case in which L—— and B—— were employed as counsel. The former was an illiterate Hibernian, the latter decidedly German in his modes of expression. The sheriff proceeded to look round the room in search of a person to fill the vacant seat, when he espied a Dutch Jew and claimed him as his own. The Dutchman objected:

"I can't unsthand goot Englese."

"What did he say?" said the Judge.

"I can't unsthand *goot* Englese," he repeated.

"Take your seat," cried the Judge, "take your seat, hat's no excuse; you're not likely to hear any of it!"

Under that decision he took his seat. Who will say that he was not as competent as any of the "intelligent jury?"

◆

"If a dogge's tail is kut awf entirely, will it not interfere with his lowcowmowshun? "Not eggzactly; it might not effect his carriage, but 'twould entirely stop his waggin."

◆

Mrs. Rugg, a widow, having taken Sir Charles Price for her second husband, and being asked by a friend how she liked the change, replied: "Oh, I have got rid of my old Rugg for a good Price."

◆

Aaron Burr's definition of law in general was, "whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained:" his practice, "never to negotiate in a hurry." "There is a maxim," said he, "'never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.' A better reading is, 'never do to-day what you can do to-morrow,' for something may occur to make you regret your premature action."

◆

Miss Lizzie Doten, the principal medium of Plymouth, has declared that she could not conscientiously speak again as a medium. She said that she feared she had been laboring under a delusion, and as she considered herself responsible to God for what her lips uttered, and for the influence which her words exerted upon those who heard her, she was unwilling to be made the medium of any other spirit than her own. "If," said she, "the Angel Gabriel should stand by my side, and ask me to deliver a message from him, I should reply, Gabriel, speak for yourself! Hereafter, I shall only address you in my own natural and conscious state."

◆

When the brave Corporal Caithness was asked, after the battle of Waterloo, if he was not afraid, he replied, "Afraid! why I was in all the battles of the Peninsula!" But having it explained to him, that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said, "Na, na! I didna fear that; I was only afraid we should be all kilt before we had time to win it!"

◆

The H's.—There is nothing funnier in Cockney vernacular than Jeames's letter, when he is in doubt which to prefer of his two lady-loves, Mary Hann and Hangelina. He writes, "There they stood together, them two young women. I don't know which is the andsomest. I cood'n help comparing them; and I cood'n help comparing myself to a certain Hannimle I've read of, that found it difficklt to make a choice betwigst 2 Bundles of A."

◆

ON THE GREAT "NOTHING TO WEAR" QUESTION.

A wife, to dress
In the mode, I guess,
Picks a husband's bones quite clean,
And poor Mr. Spratt
Must cry "No fat!"
As his wife will *cri-no-line.*

◆

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has, of all animals, the nimblest tongue.—*Swift.*

◆

Sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.
Shakespeare.

◆

THE SLEEP OF THE GRAVE.

My love, she sleeps; oh, may her sleep
As it is lasting, so be deep;
Soft may the worms about her creep!
I pray to God that she may lie
For ever with unopened eye,
While the dim-sheeted ghosts go by!

◆

A sick glutton sent for the doctor. "I have lost my appetite," said he, in great alarm.

"All the better," said the doctor; "you'll be sure to die if you recover it."

◆

A Decided Libel.—We have no desire to be acquainted with the man (beyond all doubt a bachelor) who perpetrated the following:

"Nature, impartial in her ends
When she made man the strongest,
In justice, then, to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest."

◆

Some stupid says that "if a fee were charged to see the sun rise, nine-tenths of the world would be up in the morning."

◆

A Problem for Milkmen.—If twenty-seven inches of snow give three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give when fed upon turnips? Multiply the flakes by the hairs on the cow's tail, then divide the product by a turnip, add a pound of chalk, multiply the whole by the pump, and the total will be the answer.

◆

Moving for a New Trial.—Courting a second wife.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, August* 2, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been quite active for Flour, Wheat, and Corn, which have been in lively request for home use and for export at firmer prices. Receipts have been more extensive, yet receivers have not been eager to realize. Rye and Oats have also been in good demand at buoyant rates.... The trade in Coffee, Rice, and Teas has been moderately active at firm quotations. Sugars have been briskly inquired for at improved prices. Last Thursday the sales were unprecedentedly heavy, comprising 7,180 hogsheads, 108 barrels, and 682 boxes. Molasses has also been more freely dealt in, and it has advanced.... Provisions have been more sought after, at firmer prices for Pork, Cut-meats, Lard, and Beef.... Cotton has been quiet and languid.... Fish, Hay, Hops, Naval Stores, Oils, and Tobacco have been in moderate request.... Seeds have attracted more attention.... Wool has been less active.... The Dry Goods Trade exhibits a fair degree of vigor, all things considered. The demand is increasing from distant Southern and Southwestern buyers, for staple goods, as well as for desirable goods of fancy fabrics. Supplies, especially of Prints, De Laines, Fancy Cassimeres, and Shawls, are ample and well assorted. Prices are generally supported. Auction sales will commence this week. The Dry Goods imports during the week amounted to $2,979,675, against $3,968,316, the corresponding week of last year.... The value of the imports since January 1 reached $30,169,358 against $63,914,828, the same week last year. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations.... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 10	@	$4 35
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 10	@	4 30
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 25	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 45	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 35	@	5 35
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 90	@	7 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 10	@	3 70
Corn Meal, per barrel	4 00	@	4 30
White Wheat, per bushel	1 08	@	1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel	85	@	1 35
Corn, per bushel	90½	@	1 06
Rye, per bushel	80	@	—
Barley, per bushel	60	@	65
Western Oats, per bushel	46½	@	47½
State Oats, per bushel	46	@	47
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	41	@	45
Southern Oats, per bushel	32	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¼	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel	—	@	17 50
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 00	@	—
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	11 00	@	11 75
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	19 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	17 50	@	19 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound	11½	@	11¾
State Butter, per pound	12	@	22
Western Butter, per pound	10	@	16
Cheese, per pound	4	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 00	@	3 87½
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6¼	@	8½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	28	@	34
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	7½	@	8¼
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	44	@	—
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	24½	@	25
Hops, per pound	5	@	7
Hay, per 100 pounds	40	@	70
Tallow, per pound	9½	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 62½	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	44	@	45
Tar, per barrel	1 75	@	2 00
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 50	@	1 55
Linseed Oil, per gallon	72	@	73
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6½	@	15
Seed Leaf Tobacco	9	@	35
American Fleece Wool, per pound	27	@	46
" Pulled Wool	25	@	38

Stocks of several Articles in New York about August 1.

	1857.	1858.
Coffee, packages	113,883	35,863
Hides, number	155,870	134,543
Leather, Sole, sides	53,600	168,250
Molasses, hogsheads	19,730	6,334
Molasses, barrels	17,568	3,370
Rice, tierces	2,046	4,000
Sugars, hogsheads	109,695	30,569
Sugars, bags	34,046	6,500
Sugars, boxes	26,473	13,833
Tobacco, Crude, bales	7,738	11,002

Freights continue quiet. For Liverpool — Cotton, 3-16d. @ 7-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 1s. 10½d. per barrel; Grain, 6½d. per bushel; Heavy Goods, 17s. 6d. @ 22s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 805.

The Live Stock Markets last Wed'day were very heavy for Beeves, the supplies of which were unusually large, while the demand was moderate.... Milch Cows were also plenty and depressed.... Veal Calves were dull and lower.... Sheep and Lambs have been more sought after at firmer prices.... Swine were more abundant and less valuable.... The reported receipts of Live Stocks during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *July* 21.	Week ending *July* 28.
Beeves	3,279	4,874
Milch Cows	213	200
Veal Calves	584	716
Sheep and Lambs	9,619	11,107
Swine	5,732	5,995

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	2,818	Iowa	127
Ohio	630	Pennsylvania	107
New York	341	Cherokee	63
Kentucky	305	Connecticut	42
Indiana	291		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 5½	@	$ 9
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	8 00
" " per pound	3½	@	8
Live Swine, per pound	4	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have exhibited considerable activity, without any remarkable change in prices.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Cherries, per pound	$ 4	@	$ 12
Plums, per box	4 00	@	—
Currants, per pound	4	@	7
Raspberries, per 100 baskets	4 00	@	6 00
Blackberries, per bushel	3 25	@	3 75
" New Rochelle, per basket	10	@	12½
Huckleberries, per bushel	2 25	@	2 75
Apples, new, per barrel	1 50	@	2 50
Peaches, per bushel	1 75	@	5 00
String Beans, per bushel	1 00	@	1 10
Potatoes, new, per barrel	2 00	@	2 75
Onions, new, per barrel	2 00	@	—
" " per 100 strings	3 50	@	4 50
New Carrots, per 100 bunches	2 25	@	3 00
Cabbage, new, per 100	2 00	@	6 00
Squashes, per bushel	62	@	75
Green Corn, per 100 ears	50	@	1 00
Watermelons, per 100	30 00	@	50 00
Nutmeg Melons, per 100	5 00	@	7 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	1 50	@	—
Cucumbers, per 100	50	@	—
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	14	@	15
Eggs, Western, per dozen	8	@	10
Chickens, per pair	37	@	87
Fowls, per pound	11	@	14
Fowls, per pair	75	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 25
Spring Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	15	@	—
Pigeons, per dozen	75	@	2 00
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@	3 50
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	1 25	@	1 75
Snipe, Ox-eyes, per dozen	25	@	50
Plover, per dozen	2 25	@	2 75

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, August* 2, 1858.

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending July 31, 1858	$4,916,434	$1,061,016
Corresponding week, 1857	6,245,843	1,678,558
Decrease this year	$1,329,409	$617,542

There were rather more foreign goods imported this week than usual; but we note but little increase of business save in the article of sugars, which are rather active at a shade higher prices. The movement in specie was light, the direct export being only about $300,000. There is no difference in the qnotations for money to report. Foreign Exchange closes dull at the last reported rates.

Stocks are somewhat better, though they closed dull and rather lower on Saturday. The following table will show the movement of the week:

	Monday, July 26.	Saturday, July 31.
Missouri 6's	85¼	85¾
Land grants	31	24
Delaware and Hudson	99½	99½
Pacific Mail	90½	89½
Panama	108	112
New York Central	85	85½
Erie	17½	18¼
Hudson	28½	29
Harlem	11	11½
Reading	45¾	50½
Michigan Southern	24	24¼
Michigan Central	62	62½
Galena	91½	87¾ ex div
Rock Island	78	78½
Toledo	37½	38¼
Illinois Central	78	75
La Crosse	4½	4½
Milwaukie and Mississippi	17¼	17

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